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Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

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Art, Literature & the Drama.

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Photo *Kate Pragnell.*

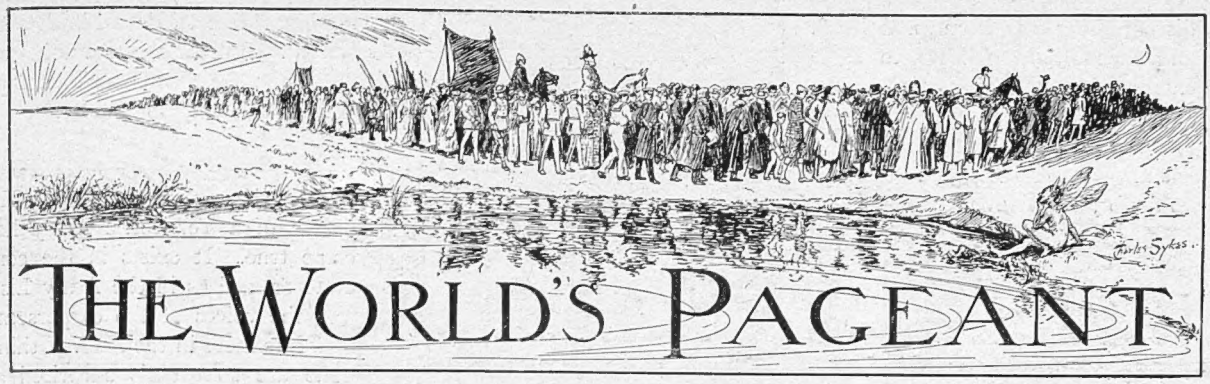
MISS ELFRIDA MARJORIE EDEN

Whose engagement to Lord Brooke, M.V.O., the eldest son of the Earl of Warwick, is announced. She is the daughter of Sir William Eden, Bart., whose wife's portrait by Whistler was once the subject of a very entertaining battle in the law courts

The Prince in a Popular Rôle

LOOKER-ON AT A FOOTBALL MATCH!

The Patron of the Welsh Rugby Union, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales takes more than a passive interest in Rugby football. He arrived before the kick-off, and stayed till the end of the match between Guy's and London Hospital. The students gave him a rousing reception



THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

Royal Villégiature

After many attempts to find just the right sort of "cottage by the sea" to which the King can escape for rest and change, Beach House, close by Worthing, has been taken. It was here that Sir Edward Loder, some time Member for the Rape of Bramber, as this division used to be named, lived, and here Lady Loder stayed until her death. The house, which has not much history, nor any fine architectural qualities, is, however, admirably adapted for its present purpose in that it is comfortable and completely secluded from the too ardent gaze of the casual passer-by; it also possesses a fine view and a pleasant garden with a long walk close upon the sea. While sharing with Brighton the fine marine air, Worthing has the advantage of being just a trifle more discreet. Indeed, the bigger town has been famous in history for allowing its rather gushing loyalty to overcome its native courtesy.

Beach House, Worthing

The proposed Royal *pied-à-terre* on the South Coast. The King is said to contemplate acquiring the property for occasional week-ends

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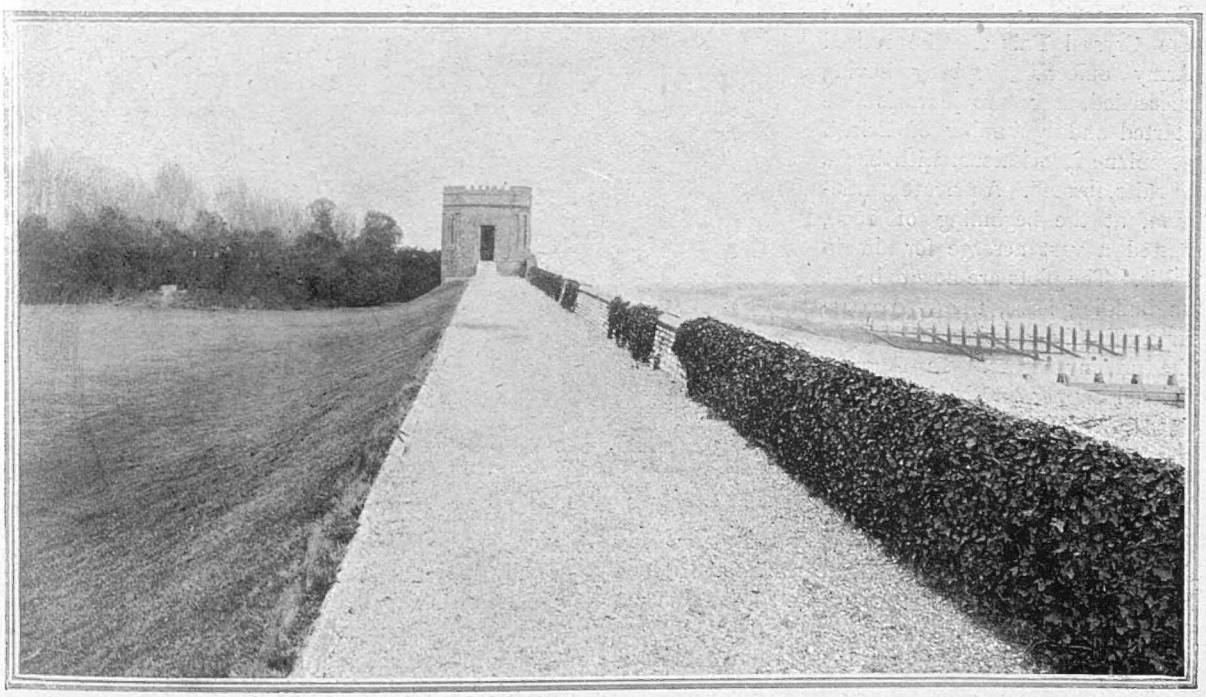
Brighton Enthusiasm

Long ago, when George IV. made so pleasant a circle at the Pavilion, the crowds did not greatly press upon him; and in the later days, when William IV. gave his quiet Sunday dinners there, there were no crowds of people, or any kind of demonstration. But when her late Majesty Queen Victoria visited Brighton with Prince Albert, the hearty townspeople—and visitors, no doubt—so mobbed the Royal pair that it is said the Queen, who had many pleasant memories of the Pavilion in her girlhood, decided to avoid in future a town of so little reticence. Once more, I fear, the overflowing loyalty of the streets has been found a little



Where Royalty may Escape the Pryings of the Curious

The terrace and summer-house of Beach House, Worthing, where his Majesty will be able to take recreation free from the annoyance of inquisitive crowds

discomposing to a crowned head, and thus Brighton loses, to some extent, what Worthing gains. But, after all, Beach House is only a few miles away, and the King has always many friends in the bigger town, and may, no doubt, often pay it a visit.

The New Army Aeroplane in Successful Flight at Aldershot last week
Colonel Capper, Mr. Cody, and the Aldershot atmosphere are reported to be more confident than ever

Old Airships for Sale!

The British Army aeroplane has flown nearly four hundred yards! No one knows why. Exactly two years have passed since Colonel Capper, in a lecture at Aldershot, said that motor-driven aeroplanes were a possibility of the near future. Net result: Increase in the estimate for the support of the balloon factory. Taxpayers bear it and grin. Early in the autumn of 1907 a retired Army officer, who refused the newspaper reporters permission to publish his name, declared that he had invented an airship capable of almost anything. A couple of months later the *Nulli Secundus* was wrecked in a gale at the Crystal Palace. The retired Army officer's prophecy having succeeded, four aero journals were started and a number of British aeroplane associations, with books of rules, formed. A private gentleman, at the beginning of 1908, rented a vast acreage for airship trials. The plots are now to be let on building lease, the War Office superciliously refusing to bid for the grazing rights. In August, Colonel Capper and Mr. Cody produced *Dirigible No.* 1, which title was rather a nasty snub for poor *Nulli Secundus!* The taxpayer gloomily anticipated *Dirigible No.* 101. After a sixteen minutes' voyage on the first day, the *Diri. Secundus* broke down on the second! The long-suffering Aldershot ozone was now left alone till September, when a further aerial invention delighted everybody by precociously running about on bicycle wheels. Several actions against the War Office for infringement of copyright were promptly threatened by indignant inventors. In October, two more Army aeroplanes were tried, and both were smashed. And that is the unhappy chronicle of the War Office's attempt to conquer the air up to date.

* * *

The Success of the Home Guards—

Mr. Haldane must be a happy man to-day. His dream of a Territorial Army has come true. It exists in the concrete as well as in the Army List, and the voices of the carpers are heard no more in the land. I think none are so greatly surprised as the General Staff at the War Office, and none, I think, will offer Mr. Haldane heartier congratulations. If the scheme failed in the first place to appeal to the regular officer, who is usually a hearty conscriptionist, he has been the first to acknowledge since that the brilliant War Minister has piloted it with astonishing skill.

* * *

—And the Men Who Achieved It

Quite a small army have worked tirelessly to bring about the success now well won. The Duke of Fife, President of the County of London Association, has exerted his powerful influence; Lord Esher, chairman of the same Association, has beat the big drum to fine purpose; and General Sir William Mackinnon, as Director-General, has inspired many of the luke-warm with enthusiasm for the new force. The friendly advice and sympathy of General Sir Ian Hamilton has also been of the greatest service to Mr. Haldane. Sir Ian is a member—and a regular attendant—of the Territorial Force Advisory Council, and he is as keen on raising the Territorials in the Southern Command to the highest pitch of efficiency as the freshest subaltern is about his mess-kit.

Are They Downhearted? Apparently Not
Despite the robbery of their specie (value £2,700) the officers of H.M.S. *Indomitable* take their impecunious position very merrily. The officer in the centre of the group is, too, the Ship-Paymaster, who had to reckon with the crew

Their Very Good Health!

THE MEN WHO HAVE THOUGHT OUT AND BUILT UP THE NOW SUCCESSFUL TERRITORIAL FORCE

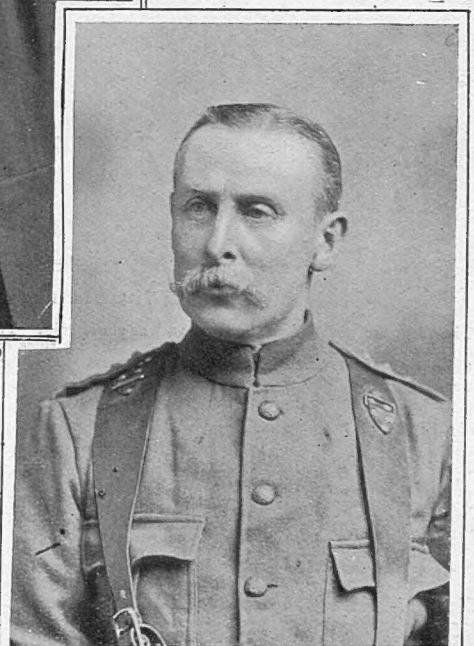
The Duke of Fife, K.T.
President of the County of London Association

Viscount Esher, G.C.B.
Chairman of the County of London Association

Rt.-Hon. R. B. Haldane, K.C., M.P.

Now that the Territorial Force is crowned with success, we have pleasure in publishing the portraits of its generator and some of his loyal assistants

General Sir Ian Hamilton, K.C.B., D.S.O., G.O.C.-in-C. Southern Command
Member of the Territorial Force Advisory Council



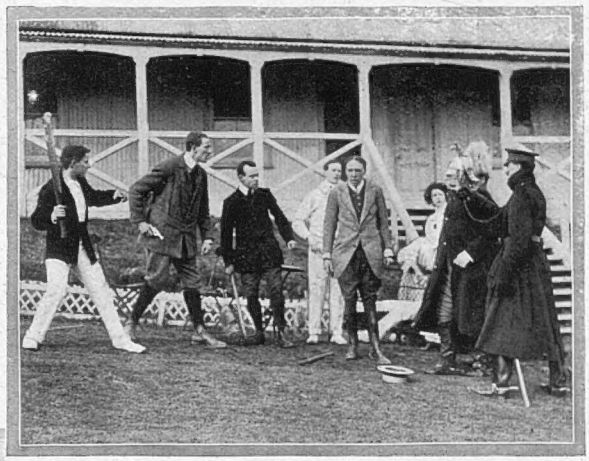
Lt.-General Sir William Mackinnon, K.C.B., C.V.O.
Director-General of the Territorial Force

Lord Lucas and Mr. Acland, both as private secretaries to Mr. Haldane and since as members of the Army Council, have been most devoted in labour and loyalty. The War Office just now is getting many pats on the back.

* * *

The New Press-Gang

As was expected, the *Daily Mail's* strenuous fulfilment of the rôle of town crier has resulted in raising 10,000 recruits. There has, of course, been criticism that the authorities should, in this precise fashion, have revived the "press-gang," but, from a practical point of view, I suppose it does not very much matter how you get your men provided you get them. Knowing that there was a newspaper always ready to shout anything on the smallest official incitement, Lord Esher very wisely availed himself of its lung-power in the direction of patriotism. The only thing that rather worries thoughtful people is the badness of the precedent. If, every time our Volunteers fail to come up to standard, the country has to be worked up by "invasion" scares, the dangers to peace through offence to other Powers are serious.



BY OFFICIAL SANCTION—RUBBISH!

A Carefully Prepared "Invasion," Arranged for Cinematographic Purposes, on the Sussex Downs

The films are now being shown at various music-halls. The army lands unexpectedly at Brighton, and, in the approved fashion, surprises a party at a golf club. These promptly arm themselves with rifles and clubs, and one of them is shot down for his pains. Another episode is the insulting by the enemy of the sweetheart of the dead man. How long will these ridiculous exhibitions continue to receive the sanction of the authorities?

* * *

Mischief-Making at the Music-Halls

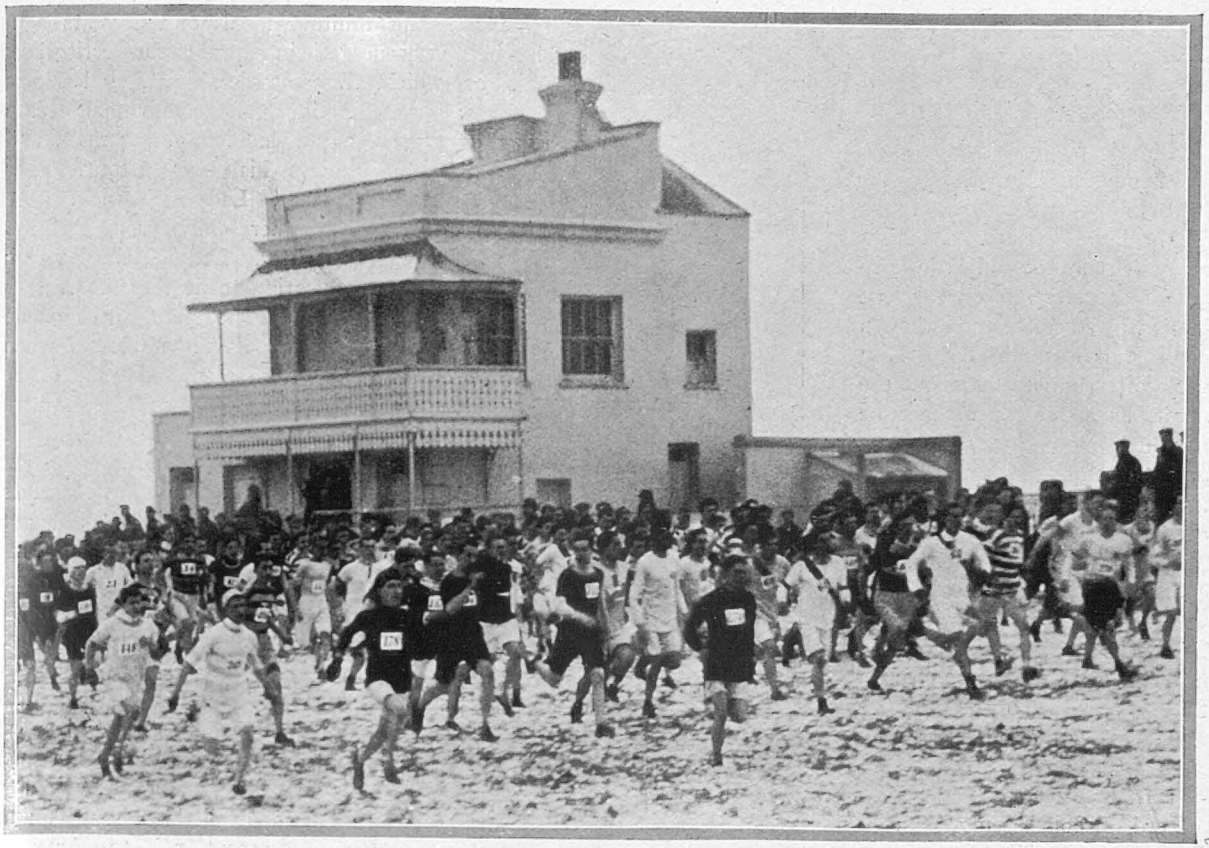
It is most unfortunate that, at a moment when our diplomatic relations with Germany have taken a more favourable turn, the authorities should be stimulating this cowardly fear of invasion by that country. *An Englishman's Home* has led to a lot of cheap imitation. There is being given at various music-halls at the present moment a cinematograph exhibition depicting "invasion" scenes. The enemy is transparently the German, and he is represented as shooting down civilians and dealing brutally with their womenfolk. One night recently, something like an ugly demonstration took place towards some Germans in one theatre. These had expressed their indignation at the imputation against the conduct of their military, and, as a result, were cordially hooted by some of the natives in the audience! Obviously, this sort of thing must not be allowed to go on. The German Army is the most humane and highly disciplined in Europe, and these reflections on its methods of warfare are likely to cause very bad feeling. It is to be regretted that such deplorable performances should ever have received official encouragement.

Invasionist Insults to Golfers

What, however, amazes me most is the complacency of British sportsmen in the face of these insults. If there is a man outside Bedlam who would take up a rifle or a club to protect himself against an invading army, there certainly is not one in any golf club, good or bad, with which I am acquainted. The Royal and Ancient Game has, as yet, little vogue among lunatics.

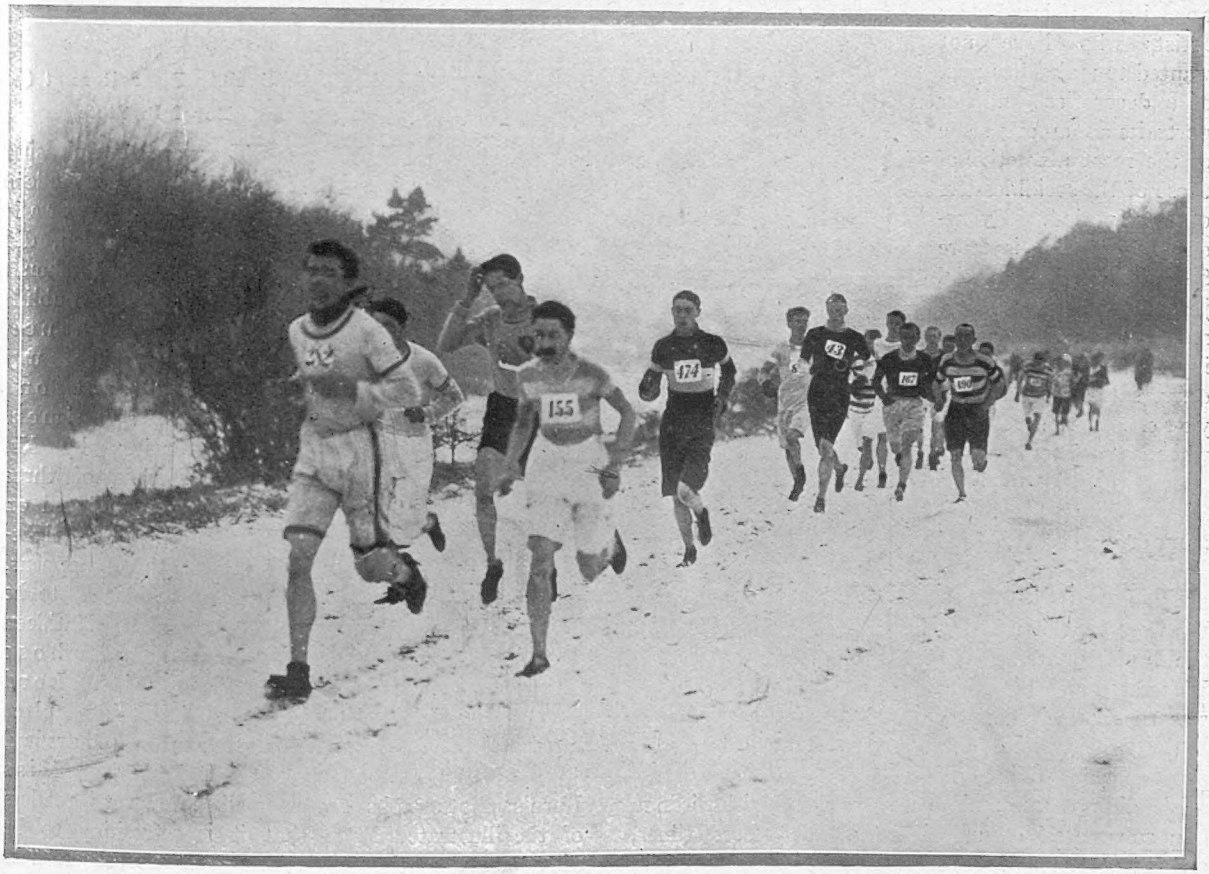
They Do Not Care If It Snows!

RUNNERS DEFY ARCTIC CONDITIONS IN THE SOUTHERN COUNTIES CHAMPIONSHIP AT EPSOM



Two Hundred and Thirty-five make a Start from the Downs Hotel, Epsom

After a fast and interesting race, 210 got the full course. The going was fairly good, being chiefly on grass and over the open country (so familiar to racegoers) in the vicinity of Epsom Downs



The Second Lap: Competitors Nearing the Race-course

The race was won by A. E. Wood, Essex Beagles, in the good time of 61 min. 4 2-5 sec. The Highgate Harriers easily carried off club honours

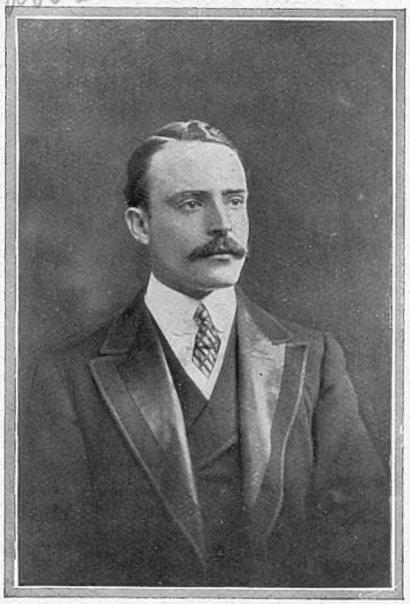
Marriages à la Mode

Great interest is felt in the engagement of Lord Brooke to Miss Eden, whose mother, Lady Eden, was the heroine of the almost tragic comedy of the Whistler portrait. The artist had painted what he considered a very beautiful arrangement in "Brown and Gold" of the very beautiful Lady Eden. Sir William did not, I believe, care for the portrait, but sent him one hundred guineas, which Whistler did not consider to be nearly large enough. At that time the painter was in considerable mental agony on account of his wife's health, and although he is supposed to have been very witty and bitter about the affair, as a matter of fact he was little more than very angry and obstinate. Eventually he lost his case, and returned the cheque and wiped out the portrait. Incidentally, he challenged Mr. George Moore, who had introduced Sir William Eden, to a duel, which the novelist declined, on the ground that Whistler was over sixty years of age, and for other reasons.

* * *

Mother and Son

Lord Brooke's mother, the Countess of Warwick, is also a great beauty, but she has managed to be painted by artists who have not wanted to make her part of a decoration, and her portraits are among some of the most attractive of those of the social leaders of our period. Everyone knows she is more Socialistic than social just now, but still remains the same charming hostess and brilliant conversationalist as of yore. At seventeen, when at Eton, Lord Brooke is said to have sold one day his sable-lined overcoat, and bought a second-class passage to Cape Town. We were in the midst of the unfortunate Boer War then, and his desire was to serve his country in the fighting line. His people, while liking his spirit, did not think his course crowded with wisdom, and, somehow, he found himself A.D.C. to Lord Milner, an appointment of considerable honour, but not so sporting as he had wished.



Lord Brooke, M.V.O., Heir to the Earl of Warwick

Whose engagement to Miss Elfrida Marjorie Eden is announced. He has seen service in South Africa, and now commands the Warwickshire Territorial Horse Artillery

Social Portraiture at the Royal Institute

An example of the work of Mr. Oswald Birley: (1) Mrs. de Falbe, (2) Mrs. Moncrieff Skene, (3) Miss Kathleen Pelham-Burn, whose marriage with Lord Drogheda takes place to-morrow (Thursday) at Edinburgh

Lady Warwick's Children

After the war he held a commission in the 1st Life Guards, and was a war correspondent with the Russian army in Manchuria. He still holds to his military ideals of ten years ago, and has been very energetic in regard to the Territorials, a unit of which, the Warwickshire Royal Horse Artillery, he commands. He is a good-looking young man, and knows his way about. His mother, Lady Warwick, gave both her eldest son and her daughter, Lady Helmsley, an education to fit them for life as we live it now, and packed them both off, as an interlude, when they were mere children, to the Warwick Grammar School, where they sat side by side with the tradesmen of the town, and never dreamt of giving themselves airs. Lady Warwick did not let her social engagements interfere with her nursery ones. Every day she made her boys' and girls' midday dinner her luncheon, and she would talk open-mindedly with them on all topics. Lady Helmsley married during her first season; and Lord Brooke, after enjoying himself a little about town, went off to America and learnt to know men and cities upon both continents.

* * *

Society Portraiture at the Royal Institute

There are some pleasing portraits at the Modern Society of Portrait Painters, of which, did space permit, I should much like to publish a selection. Chance, however, wafts my way at least one agreeable specimen, the painting, by Mr. Oswald Birley, of three ladies, reproduced on this page. The right-hand of these happens, by a coincidence, to be that of Miss Kathleen Pelham-Burn, whose marriage with Lord Drogheda takes place to-morrow (Thursday) at Edinburgh. Miss Burn's photographs are so well known to readers of the illustrated Press that it is refreshing to be able to offer those of THE BYSTANDER a less familiar version.

Gladstone's Grandchild at Court

Photo *Lallie Charles*

MISS DOROTHY DREW

The daughter of the Rector of Hawarden. Gladstone's favourite grandchild was presented at his Majesty's Court on Friday last. She had previously been presented to Queen Victoria as a child of seven at a private Drawing-room at Windsor

Lennox-Fellowes

Yet another engagement matrimonial! That of Lord Esmé Gordon-Lennox, second son of the Duke of Richmond, and Miss Hermione Fellowes, the third and very popular daughter of Lord and Lady de Ramsey. Lord Esmé is a captain in the Scots Guards, and keen on his calling. He served with distinction on the staff in the Boer campaign, and later gave a good account of himself with the West African Frontier Force in South Nigeria. Miss Fellowes has been out for four seasons, is a spirited brunette, and boasts brains, and also a *je ne sais quoi*, which is decidedly attractive.

* * *

"Priceless"

The one word to use if you want to describe up-to-dately a man as a good sportsman, good-looking, and a good fellow, or a woman as a good sort and beauteous, is "priceless." I should like to have as many sovereigns as the times that the word "priceless" falls from the lips of noble lords and ladies of England in one week.

* * *

The Head of the Corner

If there is one proud man in Britain to-day it should be Mr. Henry Chaplin. He is the modern incarnation of the stone which the builders refused, which has now become the head of the corner. Ten years ago, Mr. Chaplin, saying the word "Protection" in the House of Commons, was, *par excellence*, a political joke. Members laughed as one used to laugh at the clown saying "Here we are again!" Well, Mr. Chaplin now says the same word at the head of a grand army rapidly moving to conquest. The joke of old has been converted by the wand of Time into the official programme of the great Conservative Party. Small wonder, then, that there beams on the genial face of the one-time owner of Hermit the smile that won't come off. And I sincerely hope Mr. Balfour has a cosy little corner in his next Cabinet for the man whom he has to thank (?) for the foundations of the political belief which, after much philosophic doubt, he now professes.

Lady Constance Lytton in the Dock

The daughter of a former Viceroy of India, who was arrested in connection with a Suffragette raid on the House of Commons, and at Bow Street elected to go to prison in lieu of a fine

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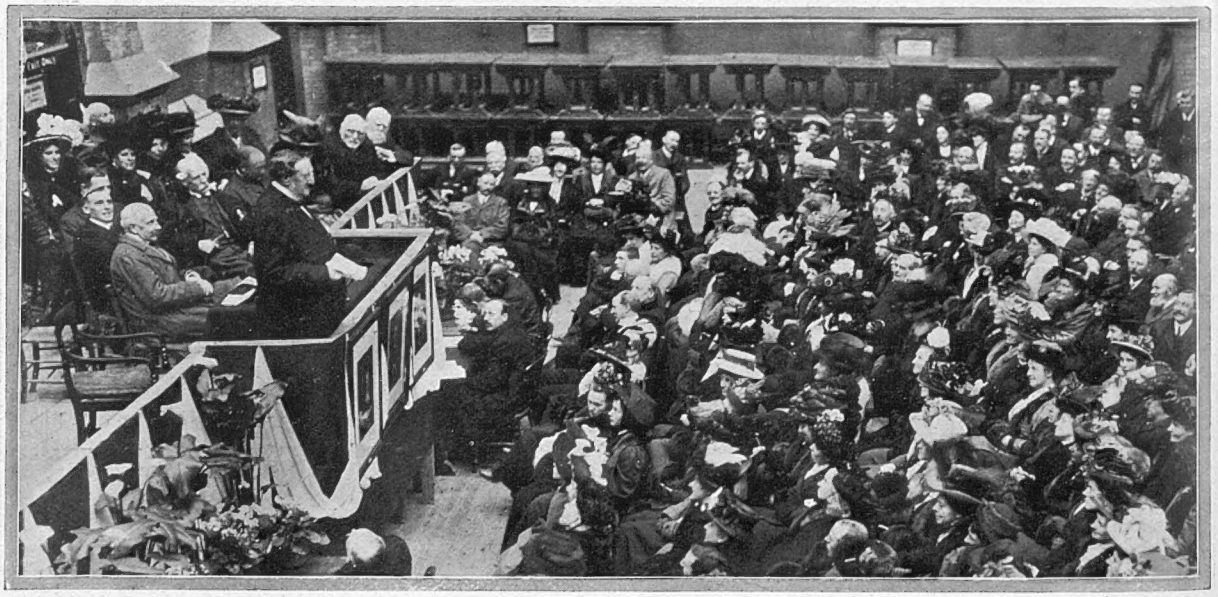
A Premier's Worries

Poor Mr. Asquith! As if he were not worried enough within his Cabinet, fighting the good fight of naval efficiency against the economist clique, without fresh badgering by tedious Suffragettes. "Human letters" were not the only worry from this quarter. The Premier sat the other day, for the first time, to Mr. Orpen for his portrait at the latter's studio, and sat, so to speak, under the rose. But a clever Suffragette got wind of the fact, and asked, in the most innocent manner, of Mr. Orpen, whom she casually met, on which day the Prime Minister was to come to him again. "Next Wednesday, at 2.30!" blandly replied the painter. Now, Tuesday had been the day fixed, but the lady saw lurking no suspicion of any other hue than green in the eye of the artist. With a large contingent of Suffragettes she appeared on Wednesday at 2.30, ready to storm the Orpen studio and the Prime Minister within it. But when the Suffragettes got there—poor things!—the cupboard, metaphorically speaking, was bare; and they were left lamenting.



Honouring Tariff Reform's Veteran Champion

The Rt. Hon. Henry Chaplin, M.P., addressing a packed meeting of his old constituents at Sleaford, Lincolnshire, who presented him with his portrait

Watching England Wake Up.

THE LOOKER-ON'S SHARE IN OUR LATEST MILITARY AND NAVAL DEMONSTRATIONS

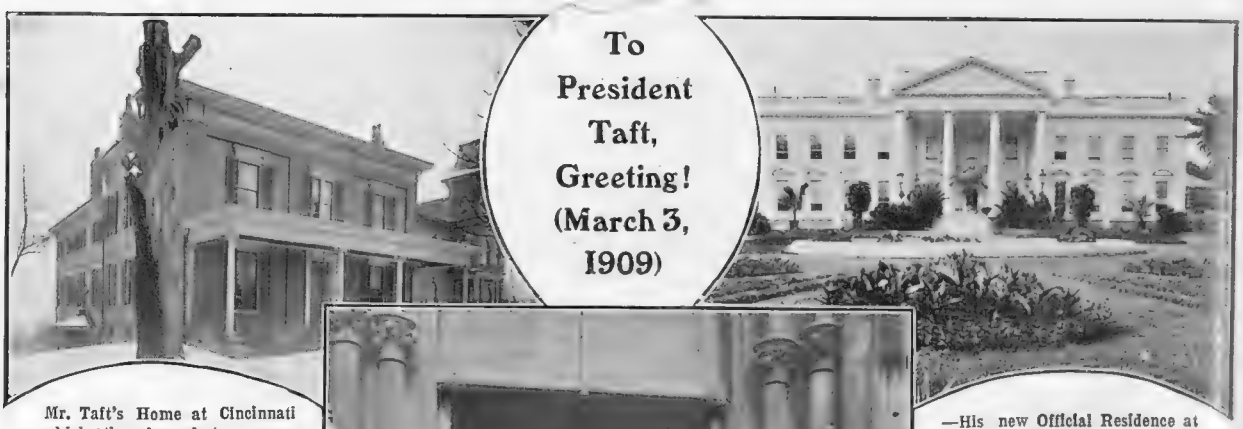
(1) Watching the H.A.C. in procession through the London streets to attract recruits for the Territorials. (2) Watching H.M.S. "Vanguard" after her successful launch at Barrow

President William Howard Taft

"Big Bill" Taft takes up the reins of office to-day. From the peaceful homestead at Cincinnati to the hustling atmosphere of the White House is an abrupt change, but, as will be seen from the photographs below, Mr. Taft is not exactly exchanging a cottage for a castle. What are Mr. Roosevelt's feelings now that his reign has really run, now that "Princess" Alice must finally resign herself to being known for the future as plain "Mrs. Nick"? It is a little sad to reflect that our own particular British lion, albeit the African species, will have to bear the brunt of the ex-President's mixed emotions.

Hysterical Politics

What we *do* hear of American politics is not often to its credit. Frenzied sincerity is often as deplorable as callous indifference. The intemperate campaign against the liquor traffic threatens to depopulate the prohibition States and over-stock the happy areas where the liquor-saloon is not yet anathema. The suppression of betting, and the inevitable abandonment of race-meetings, has driven the principal horse-owners and their superb racing



Mr. Taft's Home at Cincinnati which, though modest, compares not unfavourably with—

—His new Official Residence at the White House

Mr. Taft Goes to Church—and has been photographed to prove it

I do not think that England has ever troubled to analyse the reasons for its undoubted sympathy for Republicanism in the United States. The most important of all is, undoubtedly, geographical. We get our American news from the Republican East. That from the Democratic West is filtered in the Eastern States. Consequently the tone of our newspapers is practically wholly Republican in dealing with American politics. The Democrat's point of view rarely crosses the Atlantic.

* * *

strings to England and the Continent. Perhaps the United States has no further interest in the breeding of horses. But one of these days the War Department will feel the pinch. We are not entirely free from political hysteria ourselves. We have our Victor Grayson. We have had our pro-Boers. But it will, surely, be a long time before we select our Parliamentary candidates on the Big Man-Big Row basis.

AN URGENT CASE

(*Sir John Kirk suggests that a more popular name should be found for Tuberculosis.*)

I quite agree with kindly Kirk
That this poor thing requires renaming,
And him who undertakes the work
As hero I will be proclaiming.
Its present title's very far
From being truly popular.

It is an institution which
Aspires to be a boon and blessing,
But ever fails it to bewitch,
Because its name's unprepossessing.
It gleans scant comfort, I suppose,
From Shakespeare's lines about the rose.

It is a thing of simple tastes,
And modesty that's quite surprising,
And none of all its time it wastes
In loud and vulgar advertising;
It timidly will shrink from view
As violets are known to do.

Examine in that heart of thine
And tell me, after diagnosis,
How thou would'st like it, reader mine,
If thou wert called "Tuberculosis."
If thus were named a human child
The infant rightly would be riled.

'Tis, then, our duty to remove
This source of chronic irritation,
And find some pet name which shall prove
A more alluring appellation—
I've carefully considered thirty,
And on the whole I vote for "Bertie."

MOSTYN T. PIGOTT.

Random Jottings

Some more cheerful name for tuberculosis was suggested at the Tuberculosis Conference. The idea is a good one. We should lower the death-rate appreciably if we called influenza "Wheezo!" synovitis "Staggering Bob," and nervous prostration "The Jumps." A man with a sprained ankle could not feel really ill if the doctor slapped him on the back and diagnosed him, in a jovial burst of laughter, "Dot-and-carry-one, old chap! That's what's wrong with you! Why, you've got no end of a list to starboard!" In fact, we might carry the principle farther and call dyspepsia "Club Dinners," and gout "Pommery, 1900," without violating scientific truth to any great extent.

* * *

Second-class fares must be done away with, declares the Chairman of the Great Western Railway. This is reasonable enough as far as it goes, but the system of paying for fares must, in common justice, be abolished in the first and third-classes as well. Confining the principle to the second-class would crowd it uncomfortably, would be a concession to the abominable system of one law for the rich and another for the poor, and would inevitably give a stimulus to the degrading habit of travelling under the seat.

* * *

Levity at the Levée

Sir Edward Clarke and Sir George Doughty, M.P., are presumably chuckling at the incongruity of their costumes, which recall memories of Captain Corcoran and the Duke of Plaza-Toro

To restore beauty, an expert recommends first rubbing the face with almond oil, then wiping the skin with a flannel dipped in borax and hot water, followed by plunging the face three times into ice-cold water; then dry with a soft towel, friction the skin with a little cream, and wipe this off with a linen rag dipped in Eau de Cologne and water. The face should then be "glowing and have a fresh colour." It ought to. If not, the lady's case is hopeless; she had better have her countenance taken off under chloroform and have done with it!

* * *

"Gourmet" writes: "I see that Flammarion, the famous astronomer, advances the theory that the earth's crust is raised and lowered daily some eight inches by 'earth tides.' May I say that I have personally observed this phenomenon when returning home from City dinners? It appears to occur only in the small hours, the motion being so pronounced as to cause violent headache in the morning. My notes also corroborate the Copernican theory of the rapid revolution of the globe on its axis. No doubt you, dear sir, have noticed something similar?"

* * *

Some Current Advertisements. — "Gentlemen coached for private and other Secretaryships; appointments not guaranteed." (*Daily Telegraph.*) The modesty of the announcement reminds us of a recent one of "Failed in the Civil Service examination, youth seeks employment." Why not frank, open advertisements, such as "Cook, old, past her work, no readable references; specialities—gossip, impertinence, sleeping," or, "Ticket-of-leave man (Wormwood Scrubbs and Portland) wants bank appointment or any position of trust; expert in handwriting, accustomed to use of fire-arms. Address, Sikes, Thames Embankment."

* * *

In a Hungarian village a man who has had five previous wives has just married a woman who has buried four preliminary husbands. It sounds like the final round of a heavy-weight championship; locally, the hope is expressed that it will be a fight to the finish.

* * *

Questioned as to halfpenny stamps for invitation letters, the Post Office has replied *ex cathedra* that "the place, character, and objects of meetings or appointments" may be written on printed notices. Thus: "Lady Chic requests the pleasure of Mr. ——'s company at dinner; Jack's relations (impossible crowd—trade, money-lending, and all that, but bursting with oof); objects—to get subscriptions out of them for the Children's Flat-Foot and Rickets Fund"; or, "Gussie Haut-ton At Home (only more so) supper-room, Carlton Hotel; warm lot—Lord Kimmel, Vicomte Chartreuse, Signor Chianti, and others; objects—rot about at the Empire or Covent Garden Ball, cards afterwards, paint the bally place red."

Business as a Relief from the Worries of Golf

(Suggested by a recent article in "The Lancet" entitled "The Worrying Side of Golf" to which all the needful apologies)

THE question whether business is really a relief for the mind and body of the individual harassed by the cares of the game to which it has pleased Heaven to call him cannot, surely, altogether be answered in the affirmative. Business, undoubtedly, has its importance as a means of recreation, and affords social opportunities which no man anxious to make headway in his golfing career can afford to ignore. The genial atmosphere of the office and the whispering zephyrs of the street have, it cannot be denied, a softening effect on the jaded mind after a worrying week-end on the links.

There are, also, it is whispered, cases where the careful prosecution of business has not been unattended by actual pecuniary profit. Golfers have taken part in commercial undertakings with entirely satisfactory results. If the truth were known, for instance, Mr. J. D. Rockefeller, an enthusiastic enough golfer in all conscience, has turned quite a pretty penny as the result of his various excursions into the fields of finance.

But, of course, it would not nowadays be considered strictly good form to take to the City with any actual idea of making money. The danger that this might prove the thin end of the wedge of that lamentable professionalism which is the curse of games, is one to which all lovers of business for its own sake are alive. Human nature is, however, human nature, and should any unexpected chance occur in the course of the year, it is not to be expected that a man will resist it. Elastic as one's private means may be, few men can afford to ignore the possibility of adding to them, even though by the indirect means of commerce.

* * *

THE point at issue is whether business can be regarded as, in any sense, a diversion from the more serious concerns of life, the greatest of which is, at the present day, undoubtedly golf. Amazing as it may seem, there are in commerce, finance, the law, letters, the arts, and politics, occasional vexations and uncertainties not altogether incomparable with those with which we are familiar on the golf links. A man who is given to worrying needlessly over trifling matters is likely to be as upset in his mind at a fall in prices or the loss of a contract as he would be at a foozled tee shot. I have, furthermore, known men consider such an episode as being bankrupt as grave a mishap as being bunkered. Forlorn looks are by no means an unknown variant to the cheery smiles of Throgmorton Street, while in Wall Street, N.Y., one has seen at times of "panic" countenances so little pleased that one feels that their owners might as well have remained at their game.

THE man who has had a worrying week-end in the ordinary pursuit of golf is making quite a mistake if he thinks that a week's business is the best way to put himself right. It is true that round about the Bank he has the advantage of a change of scene and occupation, and that, if he can only take the vexations of business philosophically, he would go back to his golf cheered and braced for its all-absorbing problems. But a bad stroke of business may make him unduly worried, and it is hopelessly absurd to suppose that he will then be in a fit state to pick up his game. The disadvantage, therefore, of business as a mental relief from golf is that it may ruffle, rather than soothe, the feelings.

* * *

DESPITE its many pleasantries and its undoubted social advantages, bringing one, as it does, into contact with so many delightful and generous-minded people, business is an occupation requiring, very often, a great deal of skill and precision. It bristles with so many niceties that it requires at times considerable mental attention, and unless success attend a good many strokes, the feeling of irritation becomes very real. It is true that a succession of bad bargains may have some disciplinary effect on the mind, but it does not always make for good temper and equanimity. There are, in fact, in business so many points of analogy with the tiresome eventualities of golf that there can be little doubt that persons of an irritable, gloomy, and worrying disposition would be better if they did not seek in the City recreation from the golf links.

VIVIAN CARTER.

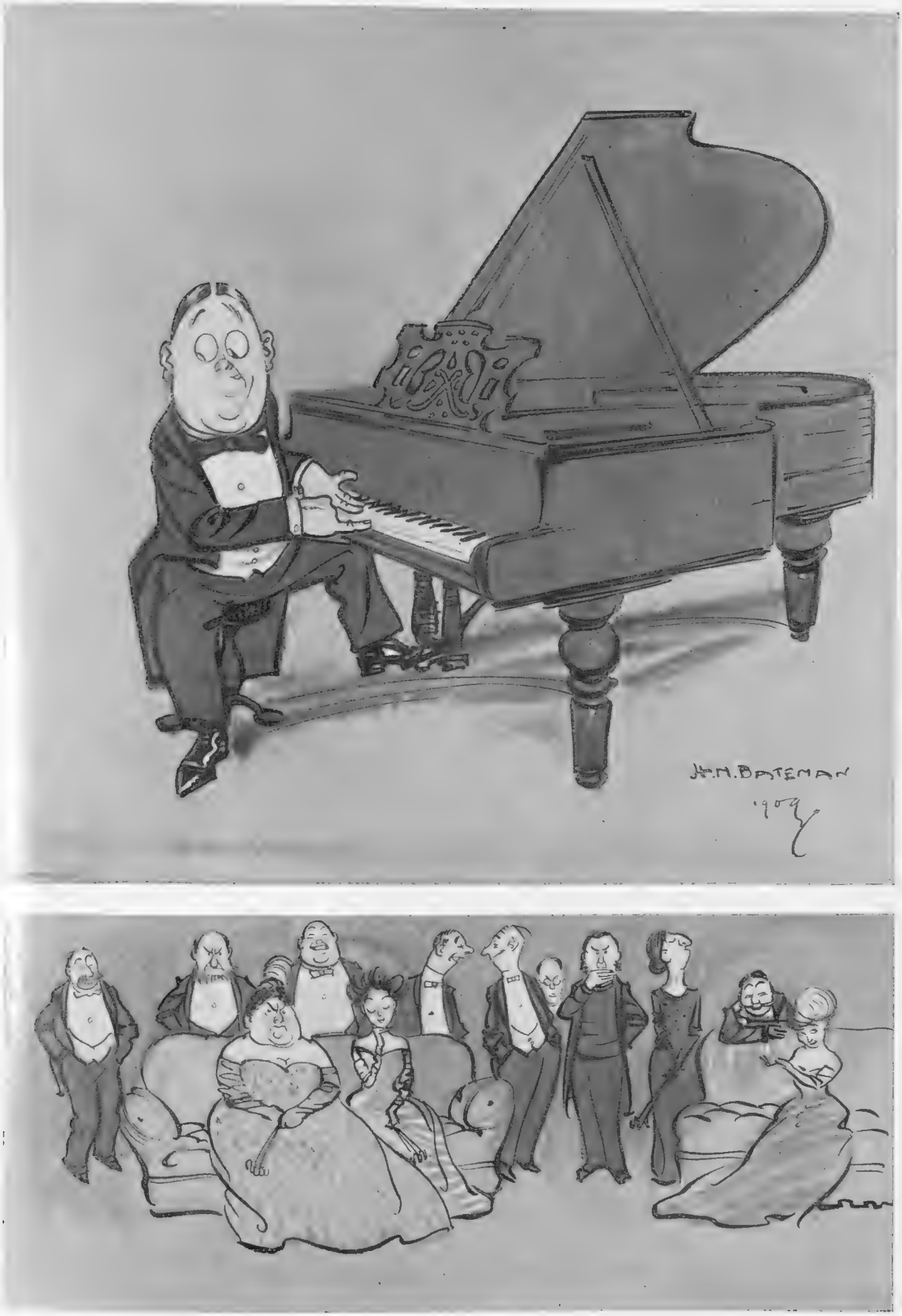
UNDER HOUSES WANTED (*Daily Mail*).—"Cottage detached, near cathedral town or sandy seashore." Any somniferous surroundings would do.

* * *

An arrival station for aeroplanes is being built at Brescia, in Italy, by the Mayor. Rents are showing a strong tendency to fall in the neighbourhood, while those who cannot leave are having the roofs of their houses armour-plated; the local council has passed a unanimous vote in favour of a system of subways and tube railways.

* * *

"Farmers should see that they produce large eggs, clean eggs, eggs with brown shells. . . . The farmer should do his part fairly," says the *Farmers' Gazette*. Surely, this is asking rather much of the already overworked agriculturalist? Where are the grand old hens we *used* to have?

"Chanson Rosse"

THE SONG WHICH SHOCKS, ITS SINGER, AND—HIS AUDIENCE

BY H. M. BATEMAN

SOCIETY AND ART

WAGNERIAN PICTURES AT BROOK STREET: FAIR WOMEN AT THE NEW GALLERY

At the Brook Street Gallery

The composer of the "Ring," which once more thrilled the enthusiastic audiences of Covent Garden last month, was so much more than a musician, and so devoted a worshipper of the ebullient in art, that no doubt the large canvases of Mr. Hans Schlimarski would have delighted him. The painter, firstly, shows six ideal characters from the operas—Sieglinde, Wotan's daughter, bringing help to the exhausted Siegmund; Brünhilde, giving the Valkyrie war-cry; Elizabeth, the embodiment of purity, in the Hall of Minstrels at Wartburg; Venus, the luxurious, at Hörselberg; Elsa of Brabant on the balcony, and so forth until a gallery of types is produced, and a number of scenes translated from the stage to canvas. I have seen the work of Mr. Schlimarski greatly praised, and I have no doubt the just devotion to Wagner will overflow sufficiently to include these paintings among its enthusiasms. But popular and, in a way, great as are these pictures, they must be said to display accomplishment without subtlety, externals rather than the spirit; the large theatric style which, in itself, is a Wagnerian attitude more convincing within the Opera House than on the walls of an art gallery. Even within the compass of a scheme of decoration for a music room, which is the original intention of this series of pictures, I doubt if the work would prove a lasting pleasure. However that may be, when these paintings were exhibited last year in the Play Hall at Bayreuth, many were the faithful pilgrims who delighted in these somewhat flamboyant and—may one say it in the most complimentary sense?—Teutonic personifications. In the same gallery with this series of Wagner pictures are three other remarkable works by the same artist. A "Madonna" shows a sense of quiet beauty and rich colouring; a large picture, which one might, perhaps, call "Hypnotism," shows Mr. Schlimarski as a master of wonderful phosphorescent colours, and that particular light that never was on sea or land—other than in the theatre. "The First Woman," the largest of these pictures, is drama too, but of a basic and elemental caste. It shows Adam as a youth of dark complexion aroused from sleep to behold the vision of ultimate female beauty. A vaporous and iridescent atmosphere surrounds the figure of Eve, which appears enveloped in a sort of rainbow glory. Apple blossom and roses, roses all the way, environ this "sublime wonder of creation," as the catalogue calls the lady. The effect is brilliant and arresting, and shows again the capabilities of Mr. Schlimarski in what I feel to be too obviously a theatrical essay in an art which, at its best, avoids the sensationalism which the painter of Wagner's "Ring" strains every nerve to capture.

Venus, the Luxurious, at Hörselberg

Leitmotiv.

(*From Tannhäuser*)

Art and Society

A good many of the smaller art galleries have been filled to overflowing with smart people this week. That charming collection in Mount Street, called "Four Generations of the Ward Family," beginning with the brother-in-law of George Morland, William Ward, and ending with the clever caricaturist, Dudley Ward ("Spy"), has been visited by Princess Alexander of Teck and many other Royal personages. The collection of "English Lakes" by Mr. Gwelo Goodman at Dowdeswell's has also been greatly enjoyed. The charm of Grasmere, Ullswater, Derwentwater, has been captured by the water-colourist from many points of view, and under unusual and beautiful conditions. At the "New" the first part of the International collection, with its excellent cosmopolitan examples of painting, etching, and statuary, has given place to the same society's exhibition of "Fair Women." At Knoedler's, in Old Bond Street, there are some fine old masters, and at Connell's Galleries is an unusually interesting exhibition of new etchings by such delightfully fresh and accomplished artists as M. Eugène Béjot, Mr. Andrew Affleck,

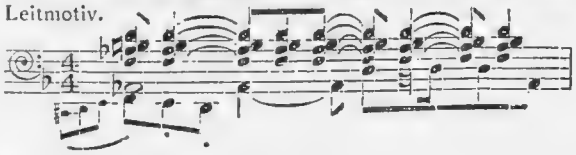
From Bayreuth to Brook Street

Mr. William Walker, and others. Altogether, the lover of the arts is well supplied just now, and the usual afternoon's stroll down Bond Street is doubly pleasant.

The Fair Women at the New Gallery

But by far the most interesting exhibition in London, or in any other European city, at the present moment, is that of the International Society. Side by side with the masters of the past—Reynolds, Gainsborough, Puvis de Chavannes, and a dozen others as diverse—are the moderns and those who express the last cry in Art. The result is a great victory for those who have arranged the walls. The eighteenth-century portrait-painters do not hurt the new men, so wisely are they hung; the modern men do not kill one another, although here and there they have some little effect upon their neighbours. Thus the "Lady Colin Campbell" of M. Boldini makes more sedate the fine "Duchess of Sutherland" of Mr. Sargent, and the "Gold Girl" of Whistler (how many years is it since he painted Connie Gilchrist thus?) looks slighter than of old by reason of the Oriental "Princess of Cabul" of Omar Meherab, and the works of von Lenbach and Monticelli, which are near by. The Society, one is glad to say, has not, this year, taken the title of "Fair Women" in any narrow sense. The splendid "Madame Manet *mère*," and many another picture, possesses that beauty of the spirit which has not in the past been connected with the generic title, but which is infinitely more important than the elder point of view. Apart from the North and West rooms, which contain some 111 fine works from Watts and the Belgian, Alfred Stevens, even unto Blanche and the lively Francois Flameng, whose "Hon. Mrs. Keppel" is seen to great advantage, there are three other departments, each and all worthy of a separate exhibition. Added to the sculpture, which was exhibited last month in the central hall, are some fifteen examples of the work of

Siegfried and the Dragon

Leitmotiv.

"Hypnotism"

A fascinating demon compelling man to her will. Fiery colouring bathes the picture. Passions in the form of serpents surround and entrap the victim. The effect is theatric and boldly convincing

Eve: A Teutonic Conception

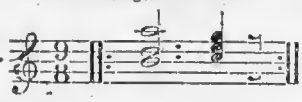
"The First Woman"
Mr. Hans Schlimarski's conception of Adam fascinated by the vision of Eve

Mr. Alfred Gilbert. This collection shows many sides of the gifts of this undoubted genius, whose art includes the finest conceptions of the human soul and the simplest craftsmanship. From a "Mayoral Chair" to "Perseus Arming," from seals, badges, and keys to the vivid "Sir Richard Owen" is a far cry, but all and many more such endeavours are well within the vast span of Mr. Gilbert's art. These examples, although not sufficiently full to give a complete idea of his powers, are enough to delight his many admirers and bring new converts to his cult. In the South room is a collection of the drawings for fans and other decorations by the late Charles Condor, whose graceful individual work has found so many admirers. Here "l'Heure exquise," "Idyll," "Wood Nymphs," and "Crépuscule tentre" show him in his most delightful mood, delicate, gay, fanciful, accomplished. One more collection in the Balcony exhibits eighty-eight Japanese prints and original drawings. Utamaro, I. and II., Hokusai, Harunobu, and half a dozen other masters are set forth for the pleasure of all those whose catholic taste in art easily includes these charming Oriental decorations. They are particularly welcome here, where the motif of the exhibition is that art is international, broad, and generous, of no school, nor any religion, unless it be that one which is followed by all wise men—who do not tell its name. There is not a single picture in the collection unworthy of consideration by those who are interested in art.

EGAN MEW.

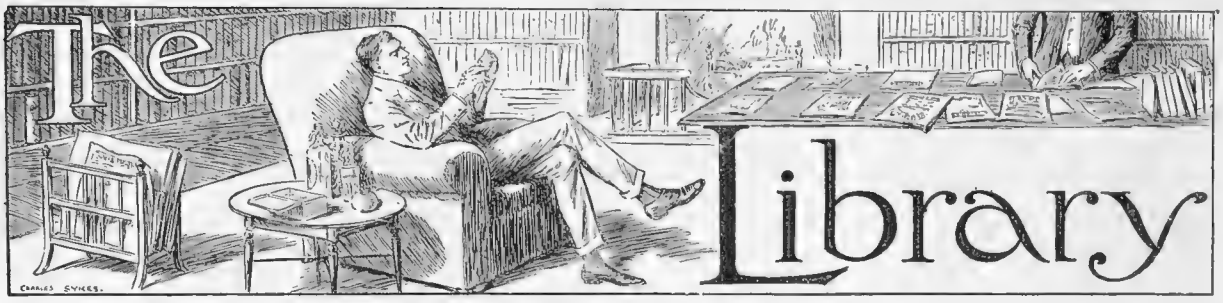
The Rheingold

Leitmotiv.



Petticoats for the Particular

Miss Olga Desmond, in deference to the blushes of the local authorities in Berlin, has discarded the cocoon wherein she dwelt as "Seldom's Venus," and is now appearing in the Græco-Roman bathing-costume depicted above



Mr. H. G. Wells's New Novel

In his new novel, Mr. H. G. Wells turns his back on the future, and lives in the present. Very successful, too, is he in this excursion. *Tono-Bungay* (Macmillan: 6*s.*) has an extraordinary forcibility about it, and an exhausting thoroughness. It is the only novel I know of, or wish to know of, which has as its hero a Patent Medicine. "Tono-Bungay" is born in the brain of a Mr. Ponderevo, a vulgarian of that peculiar type which was hurled to success in such vast numbers by the middle years of the last half-century. Those were the days when British gullibility was as yet an unexplored hinterland. The great motto of success in quackery, "Give them what they want under the pretence that it is what they need," had not then been minted. The consequence was that, wherever there appeared a man hungry for wealth, a clever idea and the entire absence of moral principle was all that sufficed to start him on the road thereto. Mr. Ponderevo was of this genus. Determined to gull the public, it was not many years before he hit on the idea of a patent medicine, and, having done that, the happening upon a name for it was a matter of automatic cerebration. "Tono-Bungay"—it occurred to him in all its dreadful expressiveness with no more difficulty than it has occurred to Mr. H. G. Wells himself.

* * *

The story is one of the rise of "Tono Bungay" from an idea to an obsession. Its success carries its inventor into the plutocratic paradise. But in partnership with Ponderevo is his nephew, George, next to "Tono-Bungay," the leading character of the book. He has a conscience, some feeling for the higher things, and resents the means of his livelihood, forsaking it at a critical moment to try the abstract charms of aviation. Incidentally, he marries, unhappily, a woman of alien physicality, strays a little from the strict path, and meditates most interestingly on Things In General.

* * *

There is too much in the book to single out any one thing for special praise. Mr. Wells's object in writing it is, too, a little obscure. One knows not whether "Tono-Bungay," and all it stands for, is a thing to be condemned or otherwise. What is the ethical position of the Patent Medicine? Is its purveyor a swindler—or, if not, what is he? He puts something syrupy and mildly medicinal, which costs him one halfpenny, into a bottle, and sells it at eighteenpence as a cure for all the ills of the flesh. As what he sells is not worth its price, and is not what it pretends to be, I suppose moralists would write him down at once as a fraud.

* * *

But there is this outstanding extenuation—the efficacy of a "cure" is the measure of our faith in it. To believe, as the masses do, that something called something special, in a certain kind of bottle, is better than something called nothing at all, in no particular kind of bottle, is to derive more benefit therefrom. Are those who profit by this common belief to be denounced as immoral? Surely, no. For the very design of such a name as "Tono-Bungay," and the very universality of the booming thereof, is the creation of the very faith which is nine-tenths of the cure worth nine-tenths of its price.

* * *

Mr. Wells, however, in his book, leaves no impression behind him of either praise or blame for Tono-Bungay. He merely states the bare facts, and leaves the deduction for the reader, and I, being one of these, venture respectfully to take off my hat to Mr. Ponderevo, and to demand why, in the name of commonsense, Mr. Wells does not, at once, himself place Tono-Bungay on the market as a medicine. It would make millions—now. V. C.

"Any More for the Shore?"

Disembarking an Indian elephant at Mombasa. If the animal in the picture takes kindly to the Uganda climate, it is proposed to invite other of his relations

Timely Advice

Voice Above (to Victim of Accident, yelling for help): "Bear up, man; it'll do you no good giving way like that!"

BY RAWLEY MORGAN

THE WINTER-SPORT CRAZE

THE ALPS FOR ALL AND SUNDRY

(*Illustrated by Fleming Williams*)

THE present era will for ever be memorable, so far as the Swiss nation is concerned, for the discovery of the Englishman.

You have only to drop in at Charing Cross at two o'clock of a January or February afternoon—the slushier the better—and watch the boat train start to realise what a miraculous thing is the exodus of snow-seekers nowadays to Switzerland. The Côte d'Azur, in its palmiest days, never knew anything like it. Counting the Swiss labels on the luggage you would say that Monte Carlo was doomed to die of neglect.

"Imitating his brither Scot with moderate success, but with an enormous display of energy and much satisfaction"

The Winter-Sportsman En Route

Behold that healthy soul, the Winter-Sportsman, arrive at the station. On the top of his cab, instead of golf clubs, you see a pair of skis tickling his Jehu in the back. What look like two plum puddings in baskets are with them. The eager porter, playfully lifting them down, discovers that so far from being plum puddings they are solid granite curling-stones, and he collapses accordingly. They weigh a trifle of forty pounds or so apiece. Maybe there is a toboggan, too. Even that engine of destruction, a bobsleigh, has astonished Charing Cross on occasions. And, of course, there are skates—a pair of Mount Charleses for "combined figure work," a pair of high Swedish blades for "international style," and a toothed-toe pair for bandy.

Sleeping-car expresses race east from Boulogne to Bâle and south from Paris to Pontalier every night, bearing a cargo of mad English, bound for the now annual winter holiday in the Alps.

The Dignity of the Creature

Arrived at his destination, the winter-sportsman dons a garb consisting of a cross between tropical attire and an Esquimau's full dress, and sallies forth with the set purpose of being deliberately futile. To his feet are strapped the long slabs of wood which we last saw annoying the Metropolitan cabby; upon his nose are blue spectacles, not (as might be supposed) for the sake of disguise, but to shield his vision from the blinding glare. He slithers and clumps across the snow, with the aid of—or, sometimes, in spite of—his skis, and looks certainly as ridiculous and clumsy as any individual, sane or otherwise, could look, until—lo! he reaches the verge of the hill, and off he sails, on the wings of the wind, down the grand fleckless slope which stretches beneath him. Now, at last, we appreciate the winter-sportsman's *raison d'être* and dignity; and even if, a moment later, we descry him standing on his head in a drift, while his skis wave helplessly in air, we must admit that he has had a glorious moment, worth the fall which followed.

"We descry him standing on his head"

Terminological Exactitudes

Plastered with white, he returns to the hotel for an incredible lunch, which he disdains to pause to digest. Life is short on a Swiss winter's day, and it must not be wasted in an armchair with a cigar and a liqueur. Off he goes, this time to the curling rink, where you will presently observe him imitating his brither Scot with moderate success, but with an enormous display of energy and much satisfaction. The peculiarity of curling is that its nomenclature must not be translated

A Toboggan Built For Two

into English; if you have omitted to read Barrie or Ian Maclaren you require a glossary. The ice is brushed with what may seem like an ordinary broom. You are mistaken. It is not a broom, but a "cowe." At worst, it is a "besom"—fine old fruity word! Your stone touches that of another player, and stops. It is not a touch and stop; it is "chap an' lie." There is an opening between two stones; it is not an opening, but a "port." You do not sweep the rink; you "soop" it. The tee is not the tee; it is the "pat-lid." Solemnly our Londoner uses this phraseology; and there is never a smile when he communicates with a fellow-Londoner in a Perthshire accent.

Love and Ice

Afternoon tea is brought out to the rinks. The curling-stones — "stanes," rather — are removed, and skates produced, either for a serious hour of practice round a frozen orange or for a helter-skelter battle of bandy — a pastime, the pursuit of which generally leaves some traces of gore on the marble surface of the ice. One would have thought that the winter-sportsman had had a sufficiently active day; but dinner is scarcely over before he is out into the moonlight with a toboggan—a toboggan built for two. Moonlight is marvellous in that world of glitter; doubly marvellous when you have someone to whom you can point out its beauties, and who is willing to entrust life and limb to your skill in steering. Suppose, in addition to steering her (yes, it is a "her") down this white Alpine road—suppose you are tempted to offer to steer her through the rest of life's journey? Who can blame you? Thus our winter-sportsman finds other madnesses in Switzerland beyond those he foresaw when he piled skis and curling-stones on top of the cab in far-off London town.

But be sure he and Mrs. Winter-Sportsman are not lost to the Helvetian hotel-keeper! There is no escaping the Alpine craze once you have been bitten by it. As soon try to put away your poker-patience cards after scoring a tableau of ninety, or, be you a vegetarian of high moral principle, wave aside the iced asparagus, as attempt to set your face against the frosty allure of the land of four hundred health-resorts. Mr. and Mrs. Winter-Sportsman will surely return—aye, and little Winter-Sportskins, also, to tumble in the all-cleansing snows. And most emphatically will all regally enjoy themselves, particularly those who get hurt. It is rather important to get hurt, even if it be in connection with an attempt to master the "curling" accent. Meanwhile, Messieurs the Hôteliers wear the smile which does not come off. Blessed be the English!

WARD MUIR.

"— Suppose you are tempted to offer to steer her through the rest of life's journey? Who can blame you?"

In Snow-Girt Solitude

"Limned 'gainst the sky they tower
Black trunks and frosted twigs"

AUSTRALIA'S MOTHER WATERWAY

An Up-River Scene

CONCERNING THE MURRAY, ABOUT WHOSE UPPER WATERS A FIERCE DISPUTE NOW RAGES IN AUSTRALIA

"RIVERS are roads, and carry us along with them," wrote Blaise Pascal. A great river is something more than a stream of water. People who live on its banks come to attribute to it, quite unconsciously, some mysterious god-like quality. We all feel something similar about the sea. There is a fascination in the eternal current of a majestic river that little by little insinuates itself into the very life of the dwellers on its shores. Coarse men some of them are, perhaps, who would scoff at the suggestion, yet that does not alter the fact of the case. The stream which gives life to the man who sows the seed and also to the seed itself, and carries the harvest to the world outside does most certainly weave itself eventually into the man's whole existence, and, in Pascal's words, carries him along with it.

Is Diversion a Crime?

Reckoning its three main tributaries, the Murray system stretches over a length of between three and four thousand miles. Twice a year it is replenished, in the spring from the snow in the Australian Alps, in the late summer from the rain at the source of the Darling on the Queensland border. Formerly the river used to flood its banks for miles and miles on either side, much as the Nile does; but the huge drain of water constantly exacted from it for the needs of irrigation make such floods now impossible. So extensive, indeed, has been the diversion of water in the upper reaches that the Murray has in some years been transformed into almost a dry stream, which the lower riparian settlers may shortly require the Commonwealth High Court to recognise as a crime. The lands all the way up the river have, in recent years especially, become known as the most fertile in Australia for the growing of wheat and fruit. The extraordinary fact is that people have been so long in discovering this. The earliest settlers, Englishmen and Germans straight from the home countries, are still there, and their numbers are increasing every year.

Can You Join Our Ark Party?

The stories of the old floods make exciting reading. That of 1870 surpassed all records, and is still the standard in high-river calculations. In that year steamers floated over what is now dry land fifty miles from the Darling bed, and sailed up the main street of Wentworth, tradition has it, on the wrong side of the road. Many of the people had visions, and were incited—or so they believed—to build the Ark again. One old boatwright even had a design prepared. The proposal was to take two or three of everything except rabbits. A pair of quite respectable kangaroos had actually been invited, we believe, when the waters—and the scheme—suddenly subsided.

Bird Life on the Waterway

The sportsman in Australia must perforce go to the Murray. The guns at Christmas-time kill thousands of wild-duck every year, and there is no better sport to be found anywhere. Every lignum flat when the water is up, every lagoon, abounds with them in their several varieties. The dense population of shags, ibis, and pelicans bears witness to the river's piscatorial plenty. For this reason the Murray is rapidly becoming one of the chief holiday resorts for Australian city people. But, to repeat, its chief importance is geographical. Its fertility is no less remarkable than its climate. Its people are the healthiest in the world. So from his branch in the gum-tree, the kookaburra, the big brown-and-white kingfisher, laughs in the sun at the joy of everything about him and the madness of men who live elsewhere; the river catches up his mirth, and flings it from end to end of its glorious reaches, and the wise old bird—looking as if he knew all the secrets of the sphinx—listens eagerly for the sound of his hilarity to come back to him, and then takes his breath again, to give vent to a very fury of laughter, playing with the echoes like a schoolboy. The sulphur-crested cockatoo screeches madly from his hole in the cliff-side at the plunking of the steamer's paddles, which he can hear in that great whispering gallery from miles away. The notes of the magpie, who pipes out his liquid clork-clork-clork in a voice of wonderful range, are of as pure gold as the sunshine overhead. Perhaps that sunshine is the most beautiful of all.

Scenes on

(1). SHIPPING MURRAY

(2). A MURRAY BEND

The shores of this mighty water-way are now known as the most fertile in Australia for the growing of wheat a
in some years the Murray has been transformed i

he Murray.

ODUCE AT RENMARK

(3). RENMARK WHARF

uit. So huge a drain of water is exacted from it for the needs of irrigation, especially in the upper reaches, that dry stream, much to the disgust of the lower riparian settlers

Another Bedroom Scene

"THE TRUANTS" AT THE KINGSWAY THEATRE

FREDA (*Miss Lena Ashwell*): "Now then, Pam, get up!"

Pam (Miss Athene Seyler) has agreed to elope with Bill Chetwood (Mr. Dennis Eadie). They have decided to dispense with the marriage ceremony, so Freda lends all her energy to the task of stopping their little game. She comes into Pam's bedroom and finds her fully dressed beneath her *robe de nuit*. This bedroom scene—so popular a feature of modern playwriting—contains some capital comedy passages

"The Bystander" Series of Short Stories

THE LADY OF THE CHINCHILLAS

BY ARCHIBALD SULLIVAN

THE winter dusk had come suddenly down over London from behind the glaring mask of a tawny-coloured sunset. It came attended by a little retinue of chill breezes and misty vapours that wandered along with it in an indistinct crowd. They shrouded the buildings with grey chiffon, and hovered up to the golden glimmer of the street lamps like flies, and finally fell to brooding over the crowded ribbon of the pavement. It was just the time when London was shaking the tea-crumbs out of her lap and turning languid eyes towards the dinner menu. People seemed vaguely oppressed with the indistinctness of the hour when muffins were a thing of the veiled past and cocktails glowed promising but distant on the horizon of the uture. The coming darkness asserted its way down he tangle of the streets in rude and mannerless pushes. It brushed past fur-clad women, and overtook the lark, poster-like figures of men. It paused for a second n the shadow of some arch or doorway, then rushed rantically on again. It followed fiercely after motors nd carriages, crowding itself into the vacant seats of uses and hansoms, and at last grew peaceful when London was a darkened blurr, picked out with he fireflies of a million lights.

Claverhouse sailed in a stately way down the tide of home-eddying humanity. There was something so restful in seeing others hurry when he had no need, something so wholly satisfying in the sight of mad, heated pursuits of vehicles by old men, while he wandered along cool-headed and unconcerned. Each street lamp was a blazing inquisition of light. It exposed the powder on women's cheeks and the pencilled hauteur of their eyebrows. Men's wrinkles told life stories for a moment in the truth-compelling glare of its face. Imitative furs and sham jewellery chanted pitifully the falsity of their existence, and half-soiled gloves hid away in the back folds of skirts and the dim eaves of endless pockets. It also shone on the glistening sides of Claverhouse's top-hat till it glowed like a signal on some rock-bound coast. Now and then a woman would flutter from the cage-like confines of a carriage down on to the pavement, losing her individuality in the rustlings and perfumes of countless others. It seemed nothing but the losing or submerging of somebody or something all the time. Scraps of half-heard conversation, glimmering smiles, the tender brushing by of gentle materials and harsh silks, all came and went, and were lost on the heaving sea of the London dusk. Claverhouse moralised on. It is the cheapest form of amusement known, and yet always costs heavily in the long run. It thrives best in a crowd, where all the world seems to be making a series of mistakes simply that some fragment of the human frailty may pause, smile, and moralise thereon.

Then Claverhouse saw her coming towards him down a slender alley of space amid the crowd that seemed to open for her of its own accord. Now, Claverhouse had seen many women in his lifetime, admiring most of them, loving a few of them, and marvelling at them all. But somehow this particular specimen knocked all his theories on the head, and left him struggling with his sentiments as though he were still but a callow youth of twenty, when desire leans back to ices and manliness calls forward to moustaches and a two and a half inch collar. The very dusk seemed conscious of her presence, and followed dutifully behind her like a pet animal. Claverhouse stood still, and took a mental inventory of her advancing figure. His first impression was grey—a vague softness that began happily at the tips of her shoes and went contentedly to sleep among the swaying feathers on her hat. Claverhouse knew something about woman's clothes. He noticed that her trig coatee was made of chinchilla, that her huge pillow muff and the long stole that swept about her throat were of the same rich skin. Somewhere near the warfare of lace at her throat were violets that matched her eyes to perfection, and behind the slight barrier of her veil her lips almost smiled out at the world in general. She flashed past him with a faint suggestion of perfume, and the crowd closed jealously up behind her. Claverhouse stood staring stupidly after her.

"I don't know," he murmured, searching abstractedly for his cigarette-case—and then he smiled softly to himself and journeyed a little further into the London dusk.

. . . . . .

The stalls of late-comers were dropping down like little guillotines of public opinion. Claverhouse peered down at the white, shining desert of his shirt-front, and on to where the jewelled circles of his waistcoat buttons shone like little Oriental cities. Then he turned languid eyes towards the stage. The chorus were fretting about in a series of hectic poses

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and perturbed attitudes, while the star, in pink satin, was informing the audience that

"The Duchess had asked her to tea.
La, La!"

The chorus came heavily in on the "La, La!" and the star went wearily out into the gaping mouths of the wings. Claverhouse could see her hastily raising her fluff of skirts from the wear and tear behind the scenes, and the black arm of her maid clutching at the lace intrigue of her cloak. The curtain of the first act sank, and the weary orchestra crept away through a little hole, like an ashamed colony of black beetles. Claverhouse casually turned his head and saw her sitting alone in one of the lower boxes. His attitude in the blue arms of the stall grew tense. Her grey satin gown fell away gently and almost reluctantly from her figure, and about her shoulders, with ash-coloured hands, a marvellous chinchilla mantle posed like a guardian angel.

Her eyes wandered absently over the house, and finally met the close intentness of his gaze. Half a smile tugged hard at Claverhouse's lips. A smile that dared to assert itself simply from the sheer joy of seeing her again. Claverhouse let the smile stay and play on happy and unchecked. The woman in the box leaned a little forward in one of those strange pictorial movements that only clever women can ever assume. Her eyes were on Claverhouse. Then suddenly the crash and blare of the orchestra seemed to beat her back into the box, and her eyes turned like two dutiful children towards the rising curtain. The chorus had changed their clothes, the star had slung on her diamonds in a flashing dog-harness over her orange frock, the orchestra had partaken of liquid refreshment, and the opera gibbered on again.

Claverhouse sat at a right angle to the stage. What cared he if the natives had found the comedian shut up in a lobster-pot, or that the star's trunks, crammed with Paquin models, had floated in unharmed from the wreck? He could see that the woman in the box turned her eyes now and then towards him, and was strangely satisfied with even so little attention. How lonely she looked! He pondered on loneliness, his loneliness and her loneliness, for quite five minutes, and then decision seized him with an iron hand. He scribbled hastily on the back of his card, and sent it round by an attendant. He saw the door of her box open, he saw her lean forward towards the glow of the footlights, holding the little square of pasteboard, he caught the swift incline of her head, and tumbled hurriedly across a series of angry feet out into the aisle. It seemed only a moment before he knocked at the box door, and her sweet "Come in!" sounded above the weeping fervour of the violins. He drew a chair back into the dusk of the box beside hers.

"How horribly unconventional of us both," she said, with a brilliant smile. Her voice reminded Claverhouse of the soft and tender crooning of a summer sea.

"You looked so bored and lonely," he pleaded.

"I was—both," she admitted; then, with a swift movement of her slim body, "What about yourself?"

"Till I saw you this afternoon life was all boredom," said Claverhouse, looking down into her face.

"Me—this afternoon?" she queried, with two charming lines of perplexity featuring themselves between her eyebrows.

"You had on——" he began.

"Don't tell me," she laughed, raising her white jewelled hand towards her ears. "If there are two things a woman hates being told by a man they are what she said and what she wore earlier in the day."

"Why?" he demanded, drawing his chair a trifle closer.

"Because it always makes her feel she should have said or worn something quite—quite different."

"Perfection makes no mistakes," said Claverhouse, unctuously.

"That's a Society remark, and you will have to be fined."

"I'll pay," he said, cheerfully.

There was a moment's silence, and she turned her face away from him towards the stage. There was just that faint touch of the artificial about her that always appeals to a man, that stealthy elongation of an eyebrow, and that half-hidden tinting of a cheek that is so utterly intangible, and yet so charmingly feminine. The violet lining of her chinchilla cloak faded away into the dusk behind her, and the train of her gown ruffled about her feet like clouds in a stormy sky.

"Do you believe in love?" she demanded, abruptly turning towards him. Her thoughts had evidently been running on such a parallel with his that he flushed hotly when he answered her.

"I don't quite know."

"What is love?" and she smiled as she asked the question.

Claverhouse leaned back in his chair—he was on dangerous ground, and enjoying himself hugely.

"A clever woman once told me——" he began.

"Told you what?" she interrupted.

"Among a great many other things," he went on, "that love was a secret irritation of the heart which could not be scratched."

She laughed for a second, and then sighed.

"How did the clever woman know? Did you teach her? And haven't you ever wanted to scratch?" She smiled over the word.

"Never," said Claverhouse firmly, knowing perfectly well that he lied.

"Never is a man's answer for so many things," she said, soberly.

"And what about women?" he asked.

"Women are so different." She turned in her chair as she spoke, and a ripple of her gown touched his foot. "Every woman's life begins with a strident 'I won't' and ends with a plaintive 'I couldn't.'"

"How deep we are," he said, smiling at her.

The tingling notes of a topical song hurried up to them, and seemingly perched themselves on the edge of the box, saying many inane things. Womanlike, she chose a frivolous time for being serious.

"You said you were lonely."

Claverhouse stared out over the bunched heads of the audience for a moment before answering.

"At times I feel—well, that I could almost marry."

"How desperate," she laughed.

"It would be, for the woman," he said.

"It might be worse," she said, looking at him critically.

"If you think so, there is still hope."

They laughed in unison.

(*Continued on page 448*)

The Dashing Little Duke

MISS ELLALINE TERRISS HONOURED WITH A TITLE—BY HER HUSBAND

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

Never has Miss Ellaline Terriss made a more instantaneous success than as the Dashing Little Duke in the play of that name, written by Mr. Seymour Hicks, and produced at the Hicks Theatre on the 17th ult

(*Continued from page 446*)

"Won't you continue to be unconventional and come on to supper?" he asked.

"You really want me to come?" she said, dubiously.

"I wouldn't ask you if I didn't."

"Really nice men often do things simply from a moral code of politeness."

"I'm not a bit polite," he defended.

"Then, perhaps, it wouldn't be safe to have supper with you. They might turn us out."

"We'll go and have a try, at any rate," he smiled, standing up and holding the softness of the cloak out towards her. She slid gracefully into it, and it closed lovingly around her.

"You are very good," she said simply, gathering the grey folds across the white of her throat.

In a moment they were surveying the streets across the dark apron of a hansom. Her profile showed up clear and fine against the semi-blackness. The chinchilla cloak crowded up against his hands, seeming to stroke them with little touches of love. He trembled slightly, and turned his face towards her. The light of the street lamps smiled down with keen brilliance into her eyes as though it found a happy resting-place.

"How quiet you are!" she said, at last; "you are glaring with your nice clear eyes straight ahead of you, as though you saw ten thousand wonderful things."

"I do see them when I look at you," he said, thickly.

"You are not to say things of that sort. It's not kind, and, besides, it isn't true."

"How do you know it isn't true?" he demanded. "Why will a woman never credit a man with intuition? Don't you think a man knows when—when——"

His voice broke off with a little snap. She looked at him with half-closed eyes, as though she were turning something very slowly over in her mind.

"When—when—what?" she asked.

Their hansom clattered and jangled up to the restaurant, and Claverhouse jumped out with a restrained little laugh.

"It's of no consequence," he said, lightly. She poised on the step for a moment, gathering her torrent of grey folds between slim fingers. They pushed their way idly through the crowded lobby. The constant titter of laughter came like the outbreak of very many restless birds.

"How happy everybody is," she said, almost tragically, as they curved in and out among the white islands of the tables.

"Half of it is only make-believe," said Claverhouse as they sat down under the tender guardianship of an obsequious head-waiter.

She laughed on a strained note of merriment, and the chinchilla cloak sank grey and fainting across the back of her chair.

"Now talk to me," she said, smiling towards him, and resting her chin on the cradling of her hands.

Claverhouse raised his wine-glass.

"Question me," he said, sipping critically and looking into her eyes.

"First of all, why did you send me your card?" As she spoke she drew it from the folds of her corsage, holding it up to him.

"Read your evidence," he said.

"Have you forgotten already what you wrote?"

"Quite," he admitted.

"Why?" she demanded, speaking sternly above the ramparts of her glass.

"I can't remember more than one thing at a time, and at present I can only go on thinking how utterly charming and delightful you are."

She gave a faint smile of appreciation, then tore his card into tiny pieces.

"But why did you write?" she went on.

"For the simple reason, dear lady, that I was longing to know you, longing to talk to you, and, above all, to be somewhere in your immediate vicinity."

"Your remarks are not original," she said. "I had a vague idea that you were stocked with something more than the ordinary phrases."

"I am sorry," he said, humbly.

For the moment they were both overcome by one of those sudden avalanches of noise that seem to lie in wait in all public places and spring into being when least expected.

They waited for a second till it had romped past them.

"What do you most admire in a woman?" she asked, slowly.

"Courage," he answered, promptly.

"To do, or to say?"

"There is nothing braver in life than the courage of conviction," he quoted, closing his cigarette-box with a snap.

"Once upon a time——" she began.

"Is it a fairy story?" he asked, leaning forward in an interruptive attitude.

"In a sort of a way," she admitted.

"With a fairy prince and princess and a sugar palace and all the necessary crown jewels?"

"Not quite all that," she said, softly.

"I promise not to interrupt again," he said, leaning across the table and smoking dreamily.

"Once upon a time," she repeated, "there was a very clever woman, who wanted to live her existence in a very clever way."

"Naturally," he murmured under his breath.

"So she went and hired herself into a certain business firm, and——"

"And they sent her into the fields to feed swine."

"You promised not to interrupt," she said.

"Sorry, but it sounded so Scriptural, and so much like the parable of the prodigal son, that I was simply forced into finishing the verse."

"But the clever woman wasn't a bit prodigal, and so you see your Biblical knowledge goes for nothing."

"What did the clever woman do?"

"That's what I'm trying to tell you."

"I am all attention," said Claverhouse, penitently.

"And because the methods she used were new, they were, of course, successful. They weren't quite on business lines, and they necessitated a thousand and one lies and deceits, but it kept the clever woman in a charming flat and delightful gowns, and—well, there's nothing more to be said about the very clever woman."

"There's not much fairy story about it," he grumbled.

"No, it's all real life," she said, rather wistfully.

"And didn't she meet the fairy prince, who bought out the business firm, who sent her into the fields to—I beg your pardon, I mean the firm for which she toiled?"

"There isn't any prince in the story at all, not even a really nice, ordinary man like—like yourself."

"And I am expected to say—what?" Claverhouse asked the question slowly.

She shrugged her shoulders with an air of indifference.

"I was merely anxious to know if you admired the clever woman for her courage."

He flicked the grey end off his cigarette, leaving it red and furious.

"I admire every woman who has sufficient courage to be different," he said.

She leaned back in her chair, sighed, and drained the wine-glass at her elbow.

"Of course, you realise that I am the clever woman we have been talking about." She said the words in a low, tired voice. Claverhouse looked across at her suddenly.

"I don't think I quite understand," he said, politely.

She stretched her hands out lovingly towards the ash-coloured folds of the chinchilla cloak, and ran long, pale fingers across the corsage of her embroidered gown.

"They're for sale," she said, simply.

"For sale?" Claverhouse repeated the words stupidly after her.

"They belong to my business firm," she said, with pride, smoothing out the satin wrinkles in her lap. Claverhouse slowly filled her glass and then his own. She watched him curiously.

"Well?" she said, in a very small voice.

"Well?" he reiterated, smiling back at her.

"You know," she said, laughing nervously and playing with the ash-tray, "I thought I had better tell you this now. You have been so kind, so nice, so different from the others, that it didn't seem quite fair. You're not the sort of man I could inveigle into buying chinchillas and evening gowns."

"But I think I'll buy the lot just the same," said Claverhouse. "They'll do for my wife."

"You said you weren't married," she said, hurriedly.

"My wife that is to be," he corrected.

Then Claverhouse lifted up his glass and toasted her with a whole world of love in his eyes.

Three weeks later the business firm had no very clever woman to send abroad with priceless furs upon her shoulders, for the Lady of the Chinchillas had furs of her very, very own. ARCHIBALD SULLIVAN.

A Winter's Scene in Ashridge Park: Fallow Deer at Earl Brownlow's Hertfordshire Seat

THE PLAYHOUSES

By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

Illustrated by NORMAN MORROW

THE HICKS THEATRE

"The Dashing Little Duke"

The play with music is generally a euphemism for musical comedy. But sometimes the play holds its own bravely against the music, refusing to be delegated to an inferior position, as is the fate of the ordinary libretto. When the story persists in asserting itself to the end it generally lifts the whole production on to a higher plane. *The Dashing Little Duke* is of the welcome order of *The Duchess of Dantzig*. The story is not very elaborate, but not for a moment does it disappear. It commences in such a way that one feels that in no circumstances could the third act be devoted to "turns." Once assured of this welcome state of affairs, the audience settles down to enjoyment. In a go-as-you-please entertainment their attention wanders. When they realise that an attempt is being made to tell them a story their attention is aroused.

The dashing little Duc de Richelieu sets out to teach his wife

and the Court that, despite his tender years, he is a Man. He has much to contend with. His wife scorns him, and the Duchesse de Bourgogne rebukes him publicly by presenting him not with a commission in the Dragoons, but with a box of sugar-plums. He has other trials. The Chevalier de Matignon makes love to his wife. His peace of mind is further disturbed by his mother-in-law, who sides with her daughter in the domestic disagreements. The intrepid little Duke gets even with them all. He forces the Duchesse and his wife to recognise him as one of the responsible order of "grown-ups," and fights a duel with the Chevalier, in which he cleverly pinks his adversary. Never was a play so aptly named. The Duke dashes here, there, and everywhere. He dashes into the apartments of the Duchesse de Bourgogne and sets the whole household of Court ladies screaming over this male intrusion. He dashes about his own apartments, in which he is confined by order of the King, making love to a dozen ladies, whom he has summoned by *billet-doux*, just to show his wife that he "doesn't care." He dashes into the garden of his house at St. Cloud to fight a duel with the villainous Chevalier.

As played by Miss Ellaline Terriss, he is such a dear, dashing fellow that he wins all hearts long before his final victory over his wife and the Court. This "one-part" play carries us back to the days when E. J. Lonnen had so much to do in *Little Christopher Columbus*. Miss Terriss is rarely off the stage for five minutes. When she is on, she does not stand about. The demands made upon the energy of the actress are stupendous. Yet so well is Miss Terriss qualified for the rôle that she hardly seems to be working at all! To get through the part is a feat. To carry it off with such grace and ease is a record-breaker. Miss Terriss deserves to be crowned with laurels for romping home such an easy winner in this long-distance race. Surely, never before was seen such a delightful, debonair, cheeky little Duke; nor one who sang so sweetly, "There's no one to care for me," with a pathetic catch in the voice; nor one who brushed the ground so lightly with pretty feet.

Mr. Hayden Coffin was seen in the unfamiliar rôle of a villain. But his villainy brought him no

enemies. And when he sang of love, making such effective use of the *mi-voix*, he might have been the hero of the piece for all the resentment his auditors bore him.

Mr. Courtice Pounds, ex-Captain and abbé, sang of Lisette in such wise that his heart must have been turned at the time to his former profession. Indeed, the comedy of his rôle consisted in his frequent lapses into lay expressions and lay points of view.

Miss Elizabeth Firth sings with such little effort that one wishes she acted with as little strain. The beautiful notes come rolling out of her throat. Yet when she acts she seems to tie herself up into knots in order to produce her effects.

Mr. Frank Wilson sang the numbers allotted to the Lieutenant of the King's Dragoons very charmingly, considering his martial air. These fire-eating soldiers in musical plays are, as a rule, such strenuous singers.

I have left Mr. Frank E. Tours's score to the last as a *bonne bouche*. Here is charming melody and scholarly orchestration. There is not a trashy or even indifferent number in the piece. The composer has succeeded, too, with his descriptive and comedy effects, and has been happily inspired by Mr. Adrian Ross's dainty lyrics.

The Dashing Little Duke is a most welcome addition to the lyric stage. May it bring about a much-needed revival in "plays with music" which do not belie the term.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE

"The Prisoner of Zenda"

"When in doubt—revive." This managerial maxim is responsible for some, at least, of the revivals which make such a brave show these days in the Theatre Guide. No manager would dream of reviving any play which had not been a great popular success. So that disenchantment is all the more bitter when it commences to work within us.

Experience of recent revivals leads me to the belief that age lays its devastating finger more cruelly upon plays even than upon women. We distinctly remember being charmed and thrilled in our young days by a first production. Eighteen years pass, or thirteen (as is the case with the above play), or even six (*Monsieur Beaucaire*), and the old spell fails to work. Did we deem that passage to be powerfully written? Why, it sounds high-falutin' now.

Were we carried away by that situation? Why, it is the merest piece of stage trickery. Were we moved by the emotions which swept the soul of that character? Why, my dear sir, he is soliloquising! And so on.

The best thing is to be tender with old plays, as we are with old women. To revere them for the fierce sway which they exerted over the hearts of men in the days of their youth.

In this devotional spirit I commend *The Prisoner of Zenda* to my younger readers. However much we miss, in the stage version, the graces of style which have always distinguished the author in his novels, there is no gainsaying the romance of the story. The action is quick, and to those fortunate beings who are able to restrain the fatal habit of prying into motives and asking inconvenient questions—sufficiently plausible.

When about to take an anæsthetic the patient is advised to swallow down the fumes as though he enjoyed them, and on no account to fight against them. The first method insures a pleasant dreamy slipping into unconsciousness; the second produces the sensation of fighting against a ruthless, powerful enemy, and being throttled into subjection.

There is a certain type of play which is best enjoyed if the same tactics be adopted. So, when Rudolf Rassendyll, red-haired Englishman, is masquerading as his regal, debauched cousin, do not carp at the situation—accept it. The greater the faith of a playgoer, the keener will be his pleasure.

Mr. George Alexander returns to the rôle of King and "double" with all his old persuasiveness and charm. His whole manner conveys to the spectator the type of man who would willingly take the risk of impersonating a king upon his coronation day.

There are many newcomers to the cast. Miss Stella Patrick Campbell is a girlish Princess Flavia, in whose very immaturity there is a subtle, evasive charm. Shut your eyes, and you might be listening to her mother—that actress in whom great talents and annoying mannerisms continually strive for mastery. Open your eyes and you will see that the child has made a wise selection of her mother's gifts.

Mr. Alfred Brydone was, outwardly, an acceptable Colonel Sapt. But there is a strain of sentiment in this brusque, hard-bitten old warrior which the actor failed to portray.

Mr. Ben Webster endowed the

feeble rôle of the empty-headed artist, Bertram Bertrand, with a rich store of comedy. Here is a striking instance of the actor, by sheer talent, making bricks without straw.

THE HAYMARKET

"She Stoops to Conquer"

The spirit of old comedy hangs about the Theatre Royal, Haymarket (as it is so seldom called). And the *genius loci* will never be exorcised so long as such capital performances are given as the present revival of *She Stoops to Conquer*.

Miss Ethel Irving makes a triumphant début as Kate Hardcastle. We are informed that she has been unhampered in her reading by tradition, never having seen the part played.

Elusive Modernity

Now, tradition is a fine thing. There are bits of "business" which have become almost part of many old comedy scripts. To neglect them is wilfully to throw away the rich legacies bequeathed to the modern player by generations of his talented predecessors. But if Miss Irving has approached the play with a fresh mind, she is certainly imbued with a receptive spirit. There is an atmosphere about old comedy which some actresses breathe naturally. Miss Irving is such an actress. In modern plays she is often too flamboyant. Her restlessness, her animal spirits, the zest with which she makes her "points," the lightning play of facial expression and gesture—all these qualities force her rather out of the picture in a modern play. The modern woman of the upper classes does not possess this buoyant temperament, or, when she does, she takes good care to conceal it behind the mask "good form."

An Actress Who Can "Rag"

Now, Mr. Max Beerbohm has taken the dramatists to task for the continual creation of characters of the high world. I beg leave to lodge an objection, in turn, against managers for engaging Miss Irving to play them. She has such irrepressible spirits, such vivacity, such a sense of fun, that it is a shame to make her subordinate them in the rôle of a cool, impassive, *blasé* woman of the world. She keeps on stepping, as I have said, out of the picture. But in an old frame! Ah! there she is at her best. She has a chance to rail and storm, and "sweedle" and coax, and you give free scope for her talents. Her scene with the bashful Marlow is inimitable. The secret of its success is that the actress enjoys twitting her unhappy suitor. Miss Irving is an excellent Kate Hardcastle because she is such a champion at "ragging." Excellent, too, is Mr. Robert Loraine as young Marlow, who is such a swaggering devil among barmaids, and such a stuttering poltroon in the presence of ladies. It is a joy, too, to witness Mr. George Giddens bounding through the rôle of the mischievous, lovable plague of a boy, Tony Lumpkin. This play, so well cast, so breezily acted by everyone, takes pride of place among present revivals. E. C. S.

THE AFTERNOON THEATRE

"The High Bid"

A charming play, of a quiet, unobtrusive nature, is Mr. Henry James's comedy, *The High Bid*, produced at His Majesty's by Mr. Forbes Robertson on Thursday afternoon, the 18th ult. It vastly tickled the palates of the large audience assembled. The plot is frailty itself, but the dialogue is gracefully written and real, the characters live, the episodes are all such as might occur in any lives at any moment. Captain Clement Yule, the Radical owner of a much-encumbered manor house and estate, where he is an entire stranger, pays it a visit only to find it in the possession of a Mr. Prodmore, the man who has bought up all his debts. This Mr. Prodmore would make the aristocratic Captain his son-in-law, and gives him to understand that if he will embrace Conservatism and marry his daughter Cora, he will, for his part, restore to him the house. Two things, however, the scheming Prodmore had reckoned without. In the first place, Cora had bestowed her heart "elsewhere," and, secondly, there is a certain Mrs. Gracedew, an American widow, who has formed an attachment—very much requited—for the Captain. This lady eventually buys up the place for £70,000, a sum Mr. Prodmore is quite unable to resist. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to add that Mrs. Gracedew presents both herself and the house to Captain Yule. Each member of the cast was exactly suited to his or her rôle, and all were excellent. Mr. Forbes Robertson played *Captain Yule*, Mr. Edward Sass *Mr. Prodmore*, Miss Gertrude Elliott *Mrs. Gracedew*, Miss Esmé Hubbard *Cora Prodmore*, and Mr. Ian Robertson an old servant.

EMPIRE.—A DAY IN PARIS. Beats All Records. LYDIA KYASHT, FRED FARREN, B. COLLIER, Etc. WINTER IN HOLLAND. And Specially Selected Varieties. EVERY EVENING, at 8.0. Manager, Mr. H. J. HITCHINS.

Miss Gertie Millar Sings a Song to the Moon

Miss Millar is here depicted singing one of the most effective numbers in *Our Miss Gibbs* at the Gaiety. The action and "business" of the song are well suited to the fantastic *motif* of the melody

"The Bystander" OUTDOOR LIFE SECTION.

A GOOD JUMP AT THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY STEEPLECHASES

Mr. J. Pickersgill, a good cross-country rider and polo-player, winning the Hunters' Challenge Cup at the University races at Cottenham. Mr. B. C. Pearson rode three winners at the same Meeting

HUNTING. By A. W. C.

The Quorn Hunt "Hard Up"

A remarkable fact is that our premier Hunt, which numbers among its following some of the wealthiest people in England and America, should be hard up. Bluntly put, that is the precise situation in the Quorn country. And unless there is a decided improvement in the subscriptions the world-famous Hunt will soon be faced with a formidable balance on the wrong side. Perhaps a few figures will be interesting. The actual amount required to make both ends meet in the Quorn is £7,500 per annum. During the last three years subscriptions have fallen considerably short of that sum, and if the Committee had not had a reserve of £1,500 in hand, the Hunt would now stand practically bankrupt. Surely this is a reproach to those people who enjoy one of the finest sports imaginable, over one of the finest riding countries, and behind one of the finest packs of hounds. Why should there be this lack of funds? For one thing, I am afraid that many hunting people are apt to base their subscriptions upon too low a standard. If foxhunting in the future is to hold its own, more money will have to be forthcoming from those who take part in it.

Where the Money Goes

Large sums are spent by the average visitor to Leicestershire in horses, in quarters, and in personal equipment and comfort. How seldom he thinks about cutting down those items, yet to knock a "tenner" or so off his subscription is his first resource whenever he imagines that times are bad. Far too many riders to hounds are content to send in to the Secretary each year the bare minimum amount which will be accepted. This is hardly in strict accordance with the fitness of things, as the upkeep of a fashionable hunting country becomes more burdensome year by year, and the average rider to hounds should consider rather the importance of increasing his subscription than of bringing it down to the lowest possible mark. One reason why the Quorn and many other Hunts nowadays are finding a difficulty in paying their expenses is because hunting people were spoilt in the old days by wealthy sportsmen who could afford and chose to take the bulk of the financial responsibility upon their own shoulders. In other words, it was a case of the many having their sport virtually at the expense of the few. Now, everyone is expected to pay his fair share. There are still some countries where the Master is willing to settle for everything, excepting, maybe, the claims for poultry losses and damage to property. But these cases are becoming fewer every year, and in consequence every hunting man is being called upon to contribute his proportion in the same way as he has to pay Income Tax.

The Earl of Lonsdale

One of England's premier sportsmen and Master of the Cottesmore. He not only knows all there is to know about the science of fox-hunting, but spares no effort or expense to give his followers a good time

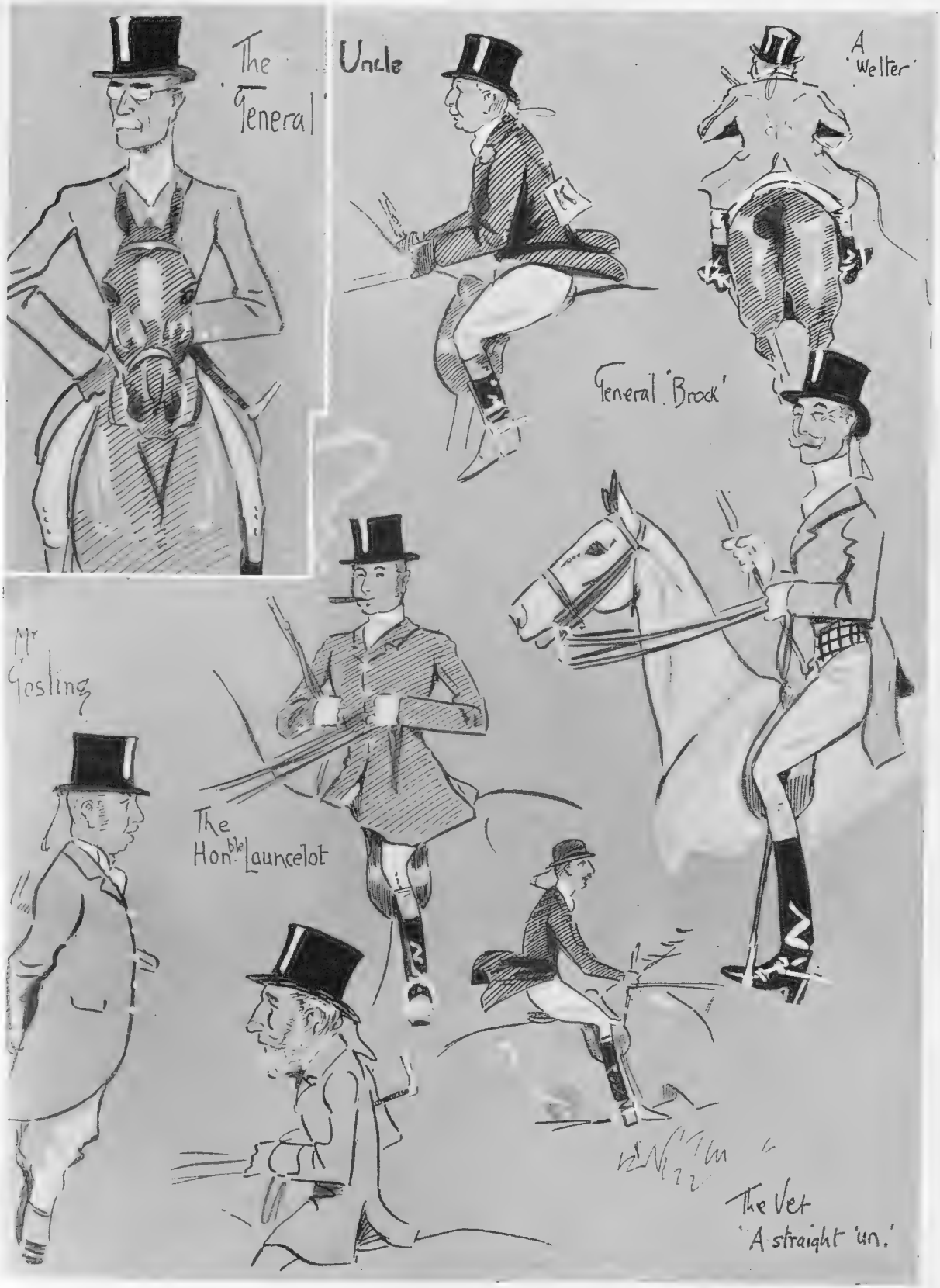
Higher Subscriptions Needed

Some thirty-five years ago, Mr. Coupland, then Master of the Quorn, found himself with a deficit of £1,500 in the Hunt finances. This fact happened to be mentioned at a luncheon-party given at Egerton Lodge, the residence of the Earl of Wilton. Nine gentlemen were present at that luncheon, and, according to Lord Lonsdale, who told the story a few days ago, they put their heads together after Mr. Coupland had left the house, and as a result a cheque for the whole amount was sent on to the Master that night. It would be impossible not to admire the public-spirited action of sportsmen of this stamp, and no doubt if the Quorn Hunt were to find itself in a really serious hole to-day there would still be certain generous people to come forward and help it out of its difficulties. But that is not quite what is wanted. There should be more liberality at ordinary times, and not so much waiting for a crisis. A regular understanding should be come to in order to place subscriptions on a higher level than before. If only every member of the Quorn added an additional 20 per cent. to the amount which he has been in the habit of contributing, there would be no more talk of bankruptcy in this historic Hunt.

The Blankney Mastership

A lamentable feature of the season has been the series of imbroglios in various countries between Masters and members. I have already alluded in previous issues to the Warwickshire disturbance, and there has also been some trouble, I am sorry to hear, in the North Shropshire, leading up to the resignation of Mr. Frank Bibby. Things, too, have no gone any too smoothly in the Blankney country.

A Day with the Cottesmore: By "Snaffles"



Until a fortnight ago there seemed to be a reasonable chance that an understanding would be arrived at with Lord Charles Bentinck, but at the last meeting of the subscribers rather an unconciliatory attitude was adopted by several members, and the upshot was that new arrangements were made for the future Mastership of the country. The choice of the Blankney people has fallen upon Sir Robert Filmer, of East Sutton Park, Maidstone, who is well known with the Belvoir, and will bring plenty of keenness and devotion to foxhunting to Lincolnshire. This young sportsman was formerly in the Grenadier

Guards, and served in the Soudan Campaign and the South African War. The Army is an excellent training ground for the Mastership of hounds, and some of our most successful M.F.H.'s have come from the Service.

GOLF. By Ernest Lehmann

Caddies, Ancient and Modern

The death of my old friend, Alexander Taylor, the well-known and respected caddie-master at St. Andrews, has stirred in me a host of recollections of other days. Taylor started life as an agricultural labourer, but met with a disastrous accident, which entailed the loss of his left arm. From that time forward he took to carrying clubs at St. Andrews as his profession, and, being extremely intelligent and rigidly sober, he never lacked employment. When I first saw him, some thirty years ago, he used to carry regularly for Captain Dan Stewart, a well-known player at St. Andrews, who gave the Queen Victoria Jubilee Vase to the Club to commemorate the late Queen's first jubilee. Although he had never played the game himself, he was so saturated with golf, and knew the individualities of all the players so well, that his advice during a match was invaluable. One never noticed the loss of his left arm, for his right one did more and quicker work than the usual complement of arms of the ordinary caddie. Taylor had a singularly fine face, and was a most interesting companion during a round, always keen on the fortunes of the match, and ever ready with words of encouragement or commendation. When I was last at St. Andrews he showed me with great pride the house which his two sons had presented to their parents, they having gone out as golf professionals to America and done well, like most of their compatriots in that country of the generous dollar. When a caddie-master was required at St. Andrews the choice of the authorities fell upon Taylor, who discharged his duties in this position just as admirably, faithfully, and punctually as he served his various employers in the humbler sphere of a caddie.

The Old Order Changeth

In the old days at St. Andrews, nearly every player had some particular caddie in his regular service. In some cases the caddie became a veritable tyrant. One would see old players whose caddies never allowed them to exercise their independent judgment from start to finish of a game. For each stroke a particular club was produced, with instructions as to how the shot should be played. Occasionally the player would feebly endeavour to revolt and assert himself. This attempt would be instantaneously crushed with a "Na, na, just tak' yer short spoon. I'll no give ye yer cleek, ye'd just mak' a hash o't." And what dodges these old caddies could use for assisting their masters and disconcerting an adversary! What an active interest they took in one's game! I remember one poor fellow, who used to carry for me years and years ago, turning to me when I had played worse than usually, and, in lugubrious tones, saying to me, "Ye'r just playing fit to break ma heert."

Such caddies as Jack Kirkaldy, David Ayton, and a host of others, made half the charm of the game in the old days. The modern race is excellent in its way, attentive to its duties, and generally as silent as the grave, never venturing to offer any suggestions unless urged thereto; but the game for old players has lost that piquant and intimate charm which the vanished race of father-confessor caddies brought to it in the days when Plancus was Consul.

Woking v. Winchester College: A Photograph of the Two Teams

At Woking, on Saturday, February 20, the home club won their match with Winchester College by six points to five. The College showed to best advantage in the foursomes, winning two and halving one of the four matches, each win counting two points. In the Singles, Woking won four and halved three out of eight matches

A Lightning Record on the Snow

HERR THOMA TAKING SHUTTLECOCK BANK ON THE CRESTA RUN AT ST. MORITZ

After one of the finest struggles ever known, Herr Thoma defeated Mr. J. A. Bott in the Ashbourne Cup Toboggan contest. The record for the course was broken, the best run being made in 46 9-10 secs.

ROWING

The C.U.B.C. and its Critics

I wonder why the affairs of the C.U.B.C. exercise such a fascination over the mind of the sporting journalist, so that the most trivial event—real or imaginary—at Cambridge gives rise to interminable copy, while Oxford is left at peace. During the last few years, one or two colleges at both Universities have been trying the experiment of taking a hint from the Belgians, and the heresies of Jesus and the supposed spread of the taint to the 'Varsity crew have been discussed *ad nauseam*, while Christchurch's dallyings with the tempter have passed almost unnoticed. This year the subject for discussion is the substitution of an Eton freshman for Stuart at stroke, to which the critics object on two grounds. First, because it deprives Stuart of the chance of creating a record by stroking one more winning crew; and, secondly, because it must be bad for the boat, and has been brought about by the machinations of a mysterious cabal known as the "Etonian clique."

The Etonian Clique

The answer to the first objection is that the C.U.B.C. exists for the purpose of beating Oxford, and not to enable individuals to create records. As regards the second, it would be interesting to know the name of even a single member of the conspiracy. Since Mr. Dudley Ward forsook the towpath for the House of Commons, Mr. Muttlebury has been the only Etonian who has had anything to do with the selection or training of the Cambridge crew. If he has any undue partiality for his old school he has dissembled his love, for during the two years when he was President and all-powerful there was no other Etonian in the boat. An analysis of the 'Varsity crews for the last quarter of a century would show that the Oxford Etonian blues have outnumbered those of Cambridge by two to one, and the coaches almost without exception have come from the same school, yet no journalist, however sporting, has suggested the existence of an Eton clique at Oxford. It is not unreasonable to suppose that Mr. Stuart and Mr. Muttlebury both really thought that the transference of Stuart to bow was in the best interests of the Cambridge boat. It seems, however, that the supposition of the critics that the arrangement is necessarily final is not justified, for at the present moment Stuart is again at stroke, though not rowing on the side of the boat to which he has hitherto been accustomed.

HOCKEY

The Oxford and Cambridge Match

The immense improvement in hockey as played at the Universities in recent years has caused the annual match between Oxford and Cambridge to be looked forward to as one of the chief events of the hockey season. More than that, the success gained by University players upon other fields has given the game a status among other University sports, of which its founders in the late "'eighties" hardly dreamed. This year's game at

Inter-'Varsity Hockey at Beckenham: Cambridge Scoring a Goal

The match resulted in a win for Oxford by 6 goals to 3

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BY APPOINTMENT

Beckenham, on Wednesday, was no exception to the rule, and, indeed, was even more looked forward to than usual, since both sides were strong, and there was every prospect of a good and exciting match. And the game in no way belied expectation. It was, indeed, exciting enough to keep the spectators warm on one of the bleakest and bitterest afternoons of the year, and its fortunes varied sufficiently to leave the issue in doubt till late in the game. It was expected that this year's game would resolve itself into a duel between the Cambridge forwards and the Oxford backs, and this forecast was borne out for three-fifths of the game, at which time Cambridge led by three goals to two. Then, however, the Oxford forwards put in some fine work on their own account, and, scoring four goals in rapid succession, gained a handsome victory. The Beckenham ground was in good condition at the start, but cut up a great deal, and this fact tended to nullify the short-passing combination of the Cambridge forwards, while it had but little effect on the opening-up tactics of the Oxford forwards, whose wing men had a lot to do with their side's success.

Good Individual Play

Indeed, Poulton and Ball were the best wing on the field, and the way in which Poulton scored Oxford's last two goals, going right through the demoralised Cambridge defence, was quite dramatic. Mirfield's goals were also the result of good play. The Oxford defence, however, was the best thing in the match. Both the backs, E. Clover and Christopher Hurst, were in fine form, and K. Raynor and Mathew in the half-back line played beautifully. The Cambridge defence was very sound until the last quarter of an hour, when it suddenly went all to pieces. It was altogether a very good game, and Oxford's success was all the more welcome to them since victory has not smiled upon their efforts since 1905.

LACROSSE

The Scratching of the 'Varsity Match

The drastic and dramatic action of Mr. E. A. H. de Tiel, the Oxford lacrosse captain, in scratching the match against Cambridge owing to the continued refusal of the Blues Committee at Oxford to grant the lacrosse team a half-blue is the latest sensation in the lacrosse world. Mr. de Tiel, in his letter to the Cambridge captain scratching the match, says that he will not himself take part in any more Inter-University contests in which his side is "unrecognised" by the authorities. But his action is ill-advised. Lacrosse between the 'Varsities has not been played for many years, and Oxford was never any good at the game until a year or two ago. Now, games are never granted "recognition" in the shape of a half-blue very early in their existence. Of the lawn tennis teams at Oxford, for example, up to 1883 only one member had a half-blue, and for another two or three years only three; it was not till 1887, after the 'Varsity match had been going for seven years, that the half-blue was given to the whole side. The Oxford Blues Committee, moreover, have always been more chary of giving Blues than Cambridge, because they regard a Blue once given as irrevocable, whereas the Cambridge Committee reserve a power of taking away a Blue if the players of any game at Cambridge cease to be of a class sufficiently good to warrant its retention. Lacrosse is a fine game, and its players deserve, and will,

The Oxford Crew at Practice Last Week

P. M. Newman (bow), H. R. Barker (2), C. R. Cudmore (3), A. S. Garton (4), D. Mackinnon (5), J. A. Gillan (6), A. G. Kirby (7), R. C. Bourne (stroke), and A. W. Donkin (cox)

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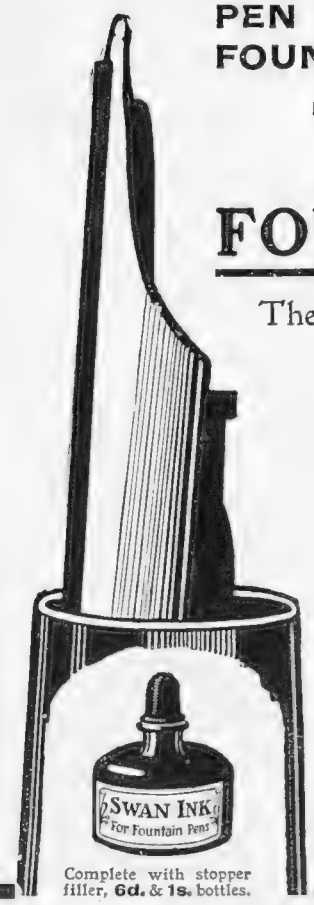

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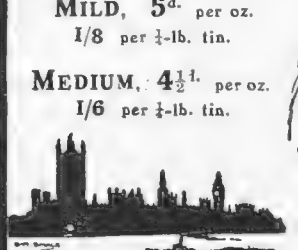

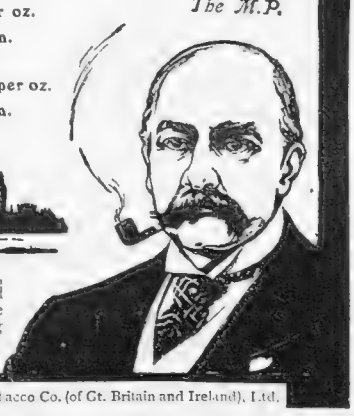

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no doubt, in time receive, "recognition" at the hands of the Oxford Blues Committee; but the latter body are right in refusing to give way to mere importunity, and the "forcible-feeble" determination to scratch the match in consequence of their refusal will not tend to make them any the readier to grant the claim.

RACING. By CARBINE

SOLDIERS AT SANDOWN

Prospects for March

February was fearfully tame for racing people, the wintry weather being the chief cause of the mischief. Several very promising meetings had to be abandoned, and just when trainers are anxious to slip some real work into their horses in view of the coming Lincoln and Grand National, they find themselves badly stuck up by frost and snow. Unless we have particularly favourable conditions during the ensuing fortnight, it is to be feared that form will be frightfully topsy-turvy at the beginning of the flat-racing season, as the majority of the runners at Lincoln, Liverpool, and other meetings will be only half fit. However, it is of no use to meet troubles half-way, and there is at least the pleasant prospect of some tip-top 'chasing at the soldiers' meeting at Sandown Park this week, while the Champion Steeplechase at Hurst Park on the 10th inst. makes another interesting topic of discussion. There are only five entries for the race so enterprisingly arranged by the astute Hurst Park management—but what an attractive five they are! Mr. C. G. Assheton-Smith will send Cackler from his much-discussed stable, and though the course cannot be compared in severity with that over which the Grand National is run, the race ought, at least, to show us whether this horse really was badly treated, as his owner considers, by the Liverpool handicapper. Cackler can be opposed by Mount Prospect's Fortune, Leinster, Rustic Queen, and the French 'chaser, Lutteur III. Here we have the makings of an exceptionally interesting affair, worth going a long way to see. Cackler ought to win.

The Grand Military at Sandown

There is invariably a swing and briskness about the Grand Military meetings very refreshing after a round of uninteresting jumping gatherings. The soldiers throw themselves enthusiastically into the racing, and even if their powers of finishing are not always equal to their pluck, every man is a thorough trier, and immensely proud of any success which comes to him. Fair weather on Friday and Saturday is devoutly to be hoped for, as the meeting is the biggest social sporting event of the winter season, and I have seen a crowd at Sandown on a fine Gold Cup afternoon equal to any Eclipse day attendance. One has sometimes viewed with regret the eleventh-hour purchase for a big sum of some crack 'chaser with the object of making sure of winning the Gold Cup, but under the present conditions of the race there is nothing actually illegitimate about this policy, and very often we find the "good thing" bowled over.

What Will Win the Gold Cup?

This year, fortunately, the Gold Cup will not be a one-horse affair. At first glance Leinster looks to hold the best chance, especially in view of the good recent form of Sir Thomas Gallwey's old horse, but it is as well not to forget that he has 13st. to carry, which is a sufficient steadier for the boldest 'chaser. Mr. E. Christie-Miller's Sprinkle Me, who will probably be ridden by Mr. "Cakes" Banbury, a capital horseman, is not at all an easy animal to give weight to over this course, and is bound to be dangerous. Other candidates to be carefully considered are Ross, whom Mr. J. H. Charters will ride, and Johnstown Lad, who will carry that especially keen young rider, Mr. Dermot McCalmont. Summing up the prospects of the race I incline to the opinion that **Leinster**, now that he has got back nearly to his old brilliance, will prove good enough to give away weight all round and secure this coveted prize for Sir T. Gallwey. As the most likely outsider in the race I take **Riversaint**.

Other Sandown Selections

On Thursday, at Sandown, the Liverpool Trial Steeplechase may, or may not, throw new light on the Grand National, but, at any rate, it must be a very attractive race if Rustic Queen is brought out to oppose Mount Prospect's Fortune. One or two Irishmen of my acquaintance swear by Rustic Queen. They think that she will win the Grand National, but meanwhile she will have plenty to do to get her head in front at Sandown, as there are some useful jumpers competing besides Mount Prospect's Fortune. The field may include the French horse, Lutteur III., who is well thought of on the Continent. Still, it is so rare that a French 'chaser distinguishes himself in England that I think it will be safe to pass over Lutteur III. for the present, and the race should be won by **Mount Prospect's Fortune**. On Saturday, the thousand pound hurdle race, the Imperial Cup, is sure to attract a big field, and **Periwinkle II.** has lately displayed such splendid form that I should not care to oppose him.

SPORTSMAN'S DIARY FOR 1909

"The Sketch," January 13, 1909, says:—

"This small waistcoat-pocket diary should be in the possession of every sportsman. It is bound in Royal Red leather, has a patent fastener, amongst the most adroit of its kind, the leaves are gilt-edged, and a natty little nickel-plated pencil is cunningly lodged within the book, while for beauty and neatness it is impossible to believe that it has its equal. In addition to the daily diary, it contains a lot of useful information which the racing man will appreciate, including a list of Flat and Steeplechase Meetings for 1909, lengths of Newmarket Courses, comparative tables of English and Foreign weights and distances, also the colours of the most prominent French owners with the English equivalent. This is to enable Englishmen who go racing in Paris and elsewhere on the Continent to distinguish the horses. It also has Mr. Gant's terms of business, while it can safely be said that no rules ever devised by mortal man can show such fairness and liberality in every way to clients, as "No Limit," "No Commission," "No Deductions," are three of their features. Another of Mr. Gant's business methods is that all cheques in payment of Clients' winnings are signed in an assumed name, so that the nature of the business does not transpire when Mr. Gant's cheques are paid away. It is sent free to all existing and prospective clients upon written application to Mr. D. M. Gant, Member of Tattersalls', 25, Conduit Street, London, W."

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FELIX STONE.
By A. and C. ASKEW.

THE DEGENERATE.
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have been favoured with instructions to SELL by AUCTION, at the Mart, Tokenhouse Yard, E.C., on Tuesday, April 6, 1909, at 2 o'clock precisely, the very important and renowned FREEHOLD PROPERTY known as the "STAR AND GARTER HOTEL." It contains: 72 bed, dressing, and bathrooms, 5 public reception rooms, coffee room, lounge, etc., a noble pavilion or ballroom, having a gallery with several private sitting rooms leading therefrom, and an orchestra. The Princes Hall or Concert Room affords accommodation for 200 persons. The cuisine is extensive in its arrangements. There is stabling for 150 horses and standing for 50 carriages or motors. The terraced grounds, adjoining and overlooking Petersham Woods, are laid in parterres and walks, and there is a spacious tea tent with service rooms, ladies' rooms, etc. There is a Public Buffet and a Bar, the whole being fully licensed. Possession will be given on completion of the purchase.—Illustrated particulars, with plan and condition of sale (price 1s. each), can be had, when ready, of the following Solicitors: Messrs PAYNE, SHAW-MACKENZIE and LAKE, 10, New Square, W.C., Messrs. HOLLAMS, SONS, COWARD and HAWKSLEY, 31, Mincing Lane, E.C., Messrs. ALFRED COX and SONS, 86, Cannon Street, E.C., and of the Auctioneers, Messrs. CHANCELLOR and SONS, at their Offices adjoining the Railway Stations, Richmond, Surrey.

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For Golfing, Motoring, and Country Wear, in Cloche Shape, Pliable Brim, made of Glace Leather, with plaited Band round crown, Tassels at side. In beautiful art shades.

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The 'Wessler' Toothbrush cleans *both sides* of your teeth, —it cleans *between them*—it cleans the *back teeth* as perfectly as the *front*—it's the most efficient toothbrush ever manufactured.

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A Great Success.
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BOOTS AND SHOES
For TENDER or DELICATE FEET.
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Glen Alva WHISKY
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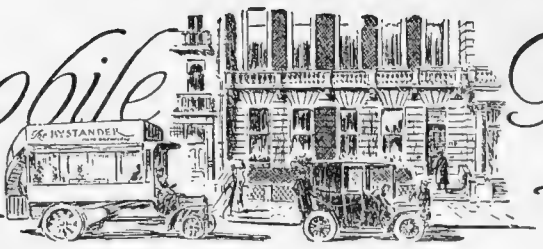
Automobile Topics.



By COMYNS BEAUMONT

Our Aero Exhibition A few weeks ago I remarked in THE BYSTANDER upon our absurdly inadequate attention to the art of aviation as a potent factor in the conduct of military operations in the near future, and I suggested that upon the opening of Parliament the matter might well form the subject of useful discussion. The suggestion, I am pleased to note, has been acted upon by one or two patriotic members of the House of Commons, who last week put several questions to H.M. Minister for War. Mr. Haldane, while admitting that the matter is one of considerable importance, had very little to say concerning the experiments now being conducted at Aldershot, and in reply to a question as to whether any invitation has been extended by the Government to the Brothers Wright, remarked, somewhat significantly, that he preferred not to say. Meanwhile, our Continental neighbours are devoting much time, money, and thought to the practical side of the science of aeronautics under official supervision, while it is left to private enterprise on the part of a few British enthusiasts to remove the reproach of backwardness from this country. The Aero Club of Great Britain, in conjunction with the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, will be responsible for the First International Aero Exhibition to be held in these islands, and this will be opened at Olympia on March 19, and remain, it is to be hoped, a centre of public interest and instruction until March 27.

What to See In addition to a fully equipped airship, there will be sixteen aeroplanes on view, and, of course, the usual display of motors and accessories. As compared with the number of cars on show in November, the complement of airships seems ridiculously small at first sight, but it must be remembered that a full-sized aeroplane cannot be housed in a coach-house. Indeed, I understand that the whole of the main hall will be taken up with air vessels while the marine section will be relegated to the annexe and beneath the galleries. Among the prominent exhibitors will be the French firm of Robert Esnault-Pelterie, known as the R.E.P., who claim to possess the largest aeroplane factory in Europe. Messrs. Gobron-Brillie will exhibit the Bragnet aeroplane, and Messrs. C. E. Whittaker, Ltd., of London, the De Pischoff et Kœchlin. The Simms Manufacturing Company, who hold the sole rights in this country, will show an aeroplane by Voisin Frères, and Messrs. Mass Cars, Ltd., will exhibit the Delagrange machine.

A British Expert Mr. J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon, who is one of the foremost of our British aviators, will have on view the famous Voisin machine with which he has made several successful flights, and among British manufacturers who will be represented are the Wolseley Company, Mr. Howard T. Wright.

The Car and the Stage

Miss Sybil Arundale (in tonneau) and Miss Ethel Nigretti (standing) about to take a spin in one of the new 18-24 h.-p. Austin cars

CONTINENTAL TYRES

are always specified by Motorists who require the best, and to whom anything short of absolute perfection is useless.

LISTS FREE.

102-108, Clerkenwell Road.

THE KEMPSHALL

GREAT VICTORY OVER SIDE SLIP

ROYAL AUTOMOBILE CLUB.

CERTIFICATE OF PERFORMANCE (No. 115)

in a test of the non-slipping properties of the Kempshall Pneumatic Tyres. Thursday, February 18th, 1909.

This is to certify that two sets of Kempshall Tyres were submitted for Trial by Messrs. The Kempshall Tyre Company of Europe, Limited, of 1, Trafalgar Buildings, Northumberland Avenue, London, W.C.

One set of 810 x 120 m/m tyres was fitted to a 15 h.-p. Charron car, weight 3,230 lb. (front axle 1,676 lb. ; back axle 1,554 lb.)

One set of 810 x 90 m/m tyres was fitted to a 8 h.-p. Wolseley-Siddeley Taximeter cab, weight 2,466 lb. (front axle 1,222 lb. ; back axle 1,244 lb.)

PREPARED SURFACE.—An area 60 ft. by 30 ft. of the granite sett floor was covered to a depth of 1½in. with a mixture of Thames mud and soft soap, affording a more treacherous surface than is usually met with under ordinary road traffic conditions. The courses, both straight and curved, were defined by flags.

PARTICULARS OF TESTS. 15 h.-p. Charron.

TEST No. 1.—The car had to pass over the straight course on the prepared surface at a speed of not less than 12 miles per hour with clutch out and brakes off.

RESULT.—SPEED 15 MILES PER HOUR. THE CAR KEPT THE COURSE WITHOUT DEVIATION.

TEST No. 2.—The car had to pass over the straight course on the prepared surface at a speed of not less than 12 miles per hour, and at the word of command the brakes had to be applied.

RESULT.—Speed 16 miles per hour. The car travelled 60 ft. after the brakes were applied, and did not stop until the rear wheels had left the prepared surface. Whilst travelling the last 10 ft. the hind wheels deviated 2 ft.

TEST No. 3.—The car had to pass over the curved course with clutch out and brakes off.

RESULT.—Speed 14 miles per hour. The car kept the course except that it touched the last flag.

TEST No. 4.—The car had to pass over the curved course on the prepared surface, and at the word of command the brakes had to be applied.

RESULT.—Speed 18 miles per hour. The car kept the course, except that the last flag was knocked down.

PARTICULARS OF TESTS. 8 h.-p. Wolseley-Siddeley.

TEST No. 1.—The car had to pass over the straight course on the prepared surface at a speed of not less than 12 miles per hour with clutch out and brakes off.

RESULT.—SPEED 15 MILES PER HOUR. THE CAR KEPT THE COURSE WITHOUT DEVIATION.

TEST No. 2.—The car had to pass over the straight course on the prepared surface at a speed of not less than 12 miles per hour, and at the word of command the brakes had to be applied.

RESULT.—Speed 15 miles per hour. The back wheels were locked and the car stopped on the prepared surface in 50 ft. after the application of brakes with 7 in. deviation.

TEST No. 3.—The car had to pass over the curved course with clutch out and brakes off.

RESULT.—SPEED 15 MILES PER HOUR. THE CAR KEPT THE COURSE.

TEST No. 4.—The car had to pass over the curved course on the prepared surface, and at the word of command the brakes had to be applied.

RESULT.—SPEED 15 MILES PER HOUR. THE CAR KEPT THE COURSE.

REMARKS.

THE TEST OF THIS TYRE SHOWED THAT NON-SLIPPING PROPERTIES CAN BE EFFECTIVELY OBTAINED BY AN ALL-RUBBER TYRE.

(Sgd.) J. W. ORDE, *Secretary.* *(Sgd.)* FRANCIS OF TECK, *Chairman.*

February 23rd, 1909, *Date.* *(Sgd.)* M. O'GORMAN, *Chairman of Technical Committee.*

Look out for the Kempshall Anti-Skid Tyre for Light Cars, and the Kempshall Detachable Rims.

THE KEMPSHALL TYRE CO., OF EUROPE, LTD., 1, Trafalgar Buildings, Northumberland Avenue, London, W.C.

Telephone No. 244 Gerrard (two lines). *Telegrams: "Studless, London."* C.D.C.

Messrs. Short Brothers, Lamplough and Sons, Humphreys, and the Motor Radiator Manufacturing Company, who will show the class of radiators they have made for the British Army airships. It is satisfactory to notice that, undismayed by Governmental apathy, most of the leading automobile journals are already devoting considerable space to the coming conquest of the air. *The Car Illustrated*, the *Auto-Motor Journal*, and the *Motor* being conspicuous examples of intelligent pioneer work in this direction. In the House of Lords recently Lord Montagu of Beaulieu initiated a debate on Army aerial matters, and throughout the country generally there is a gratifying tendency to regard aviation as something more than the nebulous theme of dreamy impracticables. If only sufficient pressure be brought to bear upon the official mind there is hope that we may yet make up our insular leeway and take our rightful position abreast of our foreign friends.

A Word of Warning

A friend of mine who has one of the T.T. type of cars recently made complaint to me that his steering was stiff to the point of irksomeness, and asked me to look at the car. I did so, and found that very considerable muscular effort was necessary to obtain anything approaching to a full lock. Examination showed that the connections in the steering-box were badly bent, and for some time I was at a loss to determine the cause. Quite by accident, however, when the car was in garage, I discovered that my friend's chauffeur was in the habit of pulling the front wheels round while the car was at a standstill, and at times would turn the wheel to left or right before pushing the car into a desired position. This practice cannot be too strongly deprecated. To say nothing of damage to the front tyres, the injury caused to the steering connections is certain to be serious, because the strain on the mechanism when the car is stationary is about ten times as great as when the wheels are in motion. Motorists should make it an invariable rule never to allow the front wheels to be turned unless the car be on the move, and when it is absolutely necessary to turn the wheels while the car is standing, the precaution should be taken to jack up the front axle. This is but a small matter, involving very little trouble to the man in charge, but, if carefully attended to, may obviate much inconvenience, and possibly prevent disaster. *Verb sap.*

COMYNS BEAUMONT.

Excellence of the Lanchester Springs

The photograph illustrates a severe test to which a Lanchester car was recently put to prove the strength and flexibility of its springs

The Humber Liquidation

As many people who are unacquainted with the methods of Company Law think that the word "Liquidation" must necessarily be associated with bankruptcy and the cessation of business, we are asked to state officially that the liquidation of the old Company is only one step in the course of reconstruction for the purpose of obtaining fresh capital. The new Company has been registered, and the applications from the shareholders of the old Company are coming in freely. The new Board consists of The Right Hon. Earl Russell, Telegraph House, Chichester (Chairman); D. F. Basden, Esq. (Mellors, Basden and Co.), 33, St. Swithin's Lane, London, E.C. (Deputy Chairman); Major John Ashworth (Ashworth, Kirk and Co., Ltd.), Nottingham and Hull; Henry Berry, Esq. (Henry Berry and Co., Ltd.), Hunslet, Leeds; George E. Haworth, Esq. (Murgatroyd, Shuttleworth and Haworth), Clarence Street, Manchester; J. W. Davy, Esq., Castletown House, West Kensington, W.; W. Ballin Hinde, Esq., 5, Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London, W.C., and Bromsgrove Street, Birmingham; W. B. Jessopp, Esq., Bedford. The new Board have already held several meetings, and among the appointments are those of Mr. Walter Phillips as general works manager of both the motor and cycle departments, Mr. Henry Belcher as sales manager, and Mr. J. T. Allbutt as secretary.

Miscellanea

The Maudslay Motor Company announce that they are now putting through a 17 h.-p. four-cylinder car on practically the same lines as their 25-30 h.-p. live-axle model. The engine will have a bore of 90m. and a stroke of 130m., will have four speeds and reverse, direct drive on third speed, and the car is designed specially for taking a small four-seated limousine or landaulette for town work or station work in the country. The chassis price of this vehicle is £425.

The destructive fire in Long Acre caused little damage to Avon House, the premises of the Avon India Rubber Company, Ltd., so that their business in Avon Tyres and the other products of the Company will be carried on without disturbance.

On February 15, at the Canning Town track, Mr. Harry Martin was successful in breaking the world's six hours' record, 300 miles' record, and the two hours' record. For all three records Continental Model de Course tyres were used, demonstrating again the stability and reliancy of these world-renowned tyres.

The Boulogne circuit has been selected for the Voiturette contest organised by *L'Auto*, in which this country will be well represented.

In response to an appeal made by the Motor Union, the Local Government Board has at last recommended the rescinding of the regulation requiring overtaking vehicles to pass tramcars on the off-side.

It should be noted that for the Delahaye cars, as illustrated in THE BYSTANDER of February 17, the sole concessionnaires are Messrs. H. M. Hobson, Ltd., of 29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London. This firm are also sole agents for the well-known Claudell-Hobson carburettor, which is the only mechanically automatic carburettor extant, for which is fairly claimed an economy of 25 per cent. of fuel on full load.

The London and Parisian Motor Company, Ltd., of 87, Davies Street, W., have secured the agency for the E.N.V. eight-cylinder aeroplane motor.

The manager of the Dunlop Repair Works at Acton Vale, W., states that the volume of tyres for repair now passing through the works is rather more than four times what it was a month before Christmas.

JERMYN STREET MOTOR REPAIR WORKS, if you are buying or selling a NEW or SECOND-HAND CAR, give *unbiassed* advice, and supply *any* Car. CARS FOR HIRE. Address, Wells Street, Jermyn Street, S.W. 4757 Mayfair.

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On the road the so-called 'cheap' bicycle quickly develops faults hitherto hidden from the eye. Do not be deceived by resplendent plating and enamel, these alone will not give you cycling pleasure, but look deeper—consider quality and reputation. Triumphs—the High-Grade Bicycles—cost no more than many so-called 'cheap' bicycles, although the workmanship is of the *skilled male mechanic* order—no female or cheap labour is employed making Triumphs.

Let us send you our Art Catalogue which tells all about them, post free.

Prices from £3 15s. to £15 12s. or from 10/- monthly.

Motor Cycles - £48.

Triumph Cycle Co., Ltd. (Dept. WB), Coventry.

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Manchester: 160 Deansgate.
Leeds: 4 King Edward Street.
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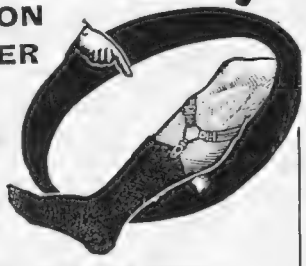
H. W.

Velvet Grip BOSTON GARTER



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WILL NOT TEAR THE SOCKS.
THE ACME OF COMFORT.
THE HEIGHT OF PERFECTION.

Cotton, plain or check, 1/- pair.
Silk, plain elastic, 2/- pair.
By post, 1d. extra.

E. C. HOE, Hosier,

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THE "DEVON" FIRE

None Better than the Best.

Placed first in recent Official Tests of Domestic Fires carried out in the new Government Offices jointly by H.M. Office of Works and the Smoke Abatement Society.

Consumption of fuel and production of Smoke each one quarter less than the average of 36 competing grates.

ABSOLUTELY SIMPLE.

Easily fixed to existing mantelpieces.

Supplied in a large variety of artistic designs, to suit any room and any style of building.

Price £2 15s. and upwards.

Carriage paid to any station England and Wales.

Gives Universal and complete satisfaction.

Highest Awards and Medals awarded by the Royal Sanitary Institute at the 1906 (Bristol) and the 1907 (South Kensington) Exhibitions. A full report of the Government trials and a finely illustrated Catalogue may be procured from

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THE PETROL THAT SUITS BUT WON'T "SOOT."

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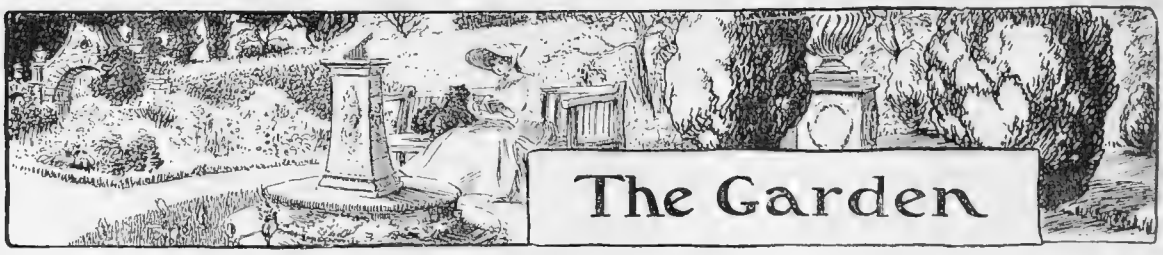
As supplied to H.M. War Office.

COCOA

tempts you to eat and feeds you.



BY H. C. DAVIDSON

Bedding Plants for Summer

Although beds on the lawn are only just beginning to show their buds or flowers, it is time to be thinking of their next occupants, and begonias and other tubers should be started at once, while other bedding plants should be pushed forward. Neither a high temperature, however, nor a close atmosphere is necessary, or even desirable. Growth made under such conditions is always weak and sappy, and the result is never satisfactory. Stopping the shoots, useful though it is in making strong plants bushy, is no remedy here. Indeed, it only aggravates the evil, for while it increases the number of shoots, it proportionately reduces their sizes. Light, air, freedom from crowding, a moderate amount of moisture, and no more artificial heat than is necessary to keep the sap moving, are the chief points in the management of bedding plants at this season. The nurseryman, with his low, light, airy glasshouses, the staging arranged so that the plants are close to the grass, has a great advantage over the ordinary amateur, whose greenhouse is generally so lofty that, apart from the waste of fuel in heating it, growth must be long and thin, unless there happens to be a shelf near the roof. It is well worth while to put up a shelf or two of this sort.

Sowing Annuals

The seeds of hardy annuals may be sown as soon as the soil and the weather are sufficiently favourable. It is a great mistake to attempt to grow them in poor land. The life of an annual is so short—it has so little time for its development—that it has no chance afterwards of making good any defects due to unsatisfactory conditions in the earlier stages of its existence. If it is starved then, it is always weak and stunted. The annuals that require the greatest care are those that reach a height of several feet, such as sweet peas. For them the ground should be deeply dug and heavily manured. It is useless to rely on such preparations as nitro-bacterine. In land which, under ordinary treatment, is practically worthless they may have some value, but in garden soil, which is already teeming with bacteria, it is powerless. The seeds of annuals are generally sown much too thickly, and this is especially true of sweet peas. Some of the newer varieties are very strong growers. A single plant has been found to cover five or six feet of trellis to the height of nearly ten feet.

Beds on the Lawn at Broughton Castle

The beautiful effect obtained at Lord Algernon Gordon-Lennox's country seat at Banbury

The Bystander, March 3, 1909

THE BYSTANDER ILLUSTRATED

No. 274.—Vol. XXI. Wednesday, March 3, 1909 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

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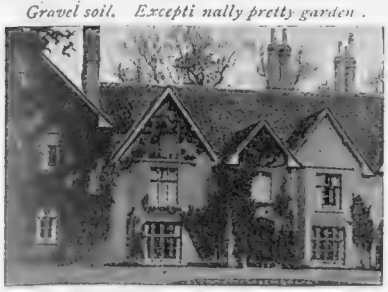
ONLY 200 GNS. PER ANN., FURNISHED.

Gravel soil. Excepti nally pretty garden.



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BEAUTIFULLY TIMBERED GARDENS,

ornamental moat and stream with rustic bridges, 2 full-sized tennis lawns and meadow-land, in all about 10 acres. HUNTING, GOLF, AND POSSIBLY SHOOTING available. Servants, carriages, and horses might also be left by arrangement.—Inspected and recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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TO BUSINESS MEN SEEKING PERFECT QUIET.

Immediately adjoining a beautiful common.

20 MINUTES OF THE CITY AND WEST END. *Over 300ft. above sea, commanding fine open views.* For urgent SALE, elegantly appointed FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, in perfectly secluded position. 12 bed and dressing, 2 baths, 3 reception rooms, spacious lounge hall, 2 staircases, fine galleried landing, servants' hall, and usual offices. Detached stabling for 2. Shady and undulating pleasure grounds, sloping lawns, flower gardens, kitchen garden, and glasshouses.

COMPANY'S ELECTRIC LIGHT, GAS, AND WATER.

Costly fitments; excellent repair. A short walk of Roman Catholic Church.—Details of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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BICKLEY, KENT (high and bracing position, near church, Bickley and Chislehurst Stations, in select neighbourhood, where most of the properties are restricted to private occupation).—A commodious HOUSE, having spacious halls, 4 large reception rooms, 2 staircases, 17 bedrooms, and ample offices. Stabling and garage, with rooms over. Entrance lodge, pleasure grounds and paddocks, in all about 10 acres.

ALSO A RATHER SMALLER HOUSE

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£7,000.—**STAFFS** (1½ miles of station, amid some of the finest scenery in the county).—A

FINE OLD QUEEN ANNE HOUSE,

erected in memory of a famous judge, in a commanding position on gravel soil, with gardens and meadow-land of about 50 acres. 4 reception rooms, 11 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and ample offices. Company's water, private gas installation. Stabling for 5, and man's rooms. Old-established gardens and grounds with double tennis lawn, conservatory, and modern range of glasshouses. Coarse fishing. The whole property is in first-class structural and decorative repair, and early possession can be arranged for.—HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

Nearly 250ft. above sea. Glorious Prospects.

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WITHIN 20 MINUTES' RAIL OF TOWN, and near 4 stations.—For SALE, comfortable RESIDENCE, in *stately Tudor style.* Fine staircase and lounge hall, excellent reception rooms, conservatory, tower smoking room, 11 bed and dressing rooms, ample offices. Stabling for 3

BEAUTIFUL OLD PLEASURE GROUNDS,

terrace walks, ornamental lawns, glasshouses, tennis court, lovely woodland walks, in all nearly 1½ acres. Company's electric light, gas and water.—Details of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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ONLY HALF AN HOUR FROM TOWN, on gravel soil, an exceptionally well-built and carefully planned RESIDENCE. Square inner hall, 3 reception rooms (one of which would make capital billiard room), 7 bed and dressing rooms, bath, and usual offices. Excellent stabling for 2 or more, double coach-house, motor-house, etc.

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Tennis and other lawns, flower and kitchen garden, small paddock, etc., the whole being easily maintained by a gardener and boy. Main drainage, gas, and water.—Details of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

UNFURNISHED, £105 PER ANNUM.

On summit of hill commanding glorious views.

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GODALMING.—Picturesque RESIDENCE, with South aspect, and approached by carriage drive. Lounge hall, 3 artistically designed reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, bath, and complete offices. Excellent stabling for 2. Company's water. Sand soil. Prettily designed grounds of 1 to 1½ acres, including lawns, winding walks, rosery, kitchen garden, useful outbuildings, etc.

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NEAR BEAUTIFUL COMMON

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7 MILES FROM COUNTY TOWN, FROM WHENCE LONDON IS REACHED IN AN HOUR.

TO BE SOLD, the above attractive RESIDENCE, standing in a well-timbered park of 50 acres, through which it is approached by a long carriage drive. The House occupies an exceptionally fine position, with wonderful views extending from Sevenoaks to the Fairlight Hills, Hastings. The accommodation comprises: panelled lounge hall and dining room, Adams drawing room, billiard room, library and morning room, 15 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; electric light; stabling and coachman's rooms, etc.—Photographs and detailed particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (4,129)

500FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

AN HOUR OF TOWN.—To be SOLD, an attractive FREEHOLD PROPERTY of 150 acres, comprising undulating pasture and woodlands in a ring fence. The commodious Family Residence contains: 3 reception, billiard, and 14 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling for 5; 2 lodges, cottages, etc.

MODEL FARM-BUILDINGS AND DAIRY.

Electric light is installed.—Further particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (3,768)

FAVOURITE PART OF HERTFORDSHIRE.
30 MINUTES FROM TOWN.

QUEEN ANNE COTTAGE STYLE RESIDENCE, standing in grounds of 8 acres, including a

SHADY DELL OF 2½ ACRES,

forming a most delightful retreat. Accommodation: lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling. To be SOLD at a price which means a CONSIDERABLE SACRIFICE.—Inspected by KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (3,757)

SUFFOLK (standing on high ground, with good views; 10 minutes' walk of station).—To be LET or SOLD, the above very attractive RESIDENCE, containing: dining room (20ft. by 18ft.), double drawing room opening into conservatory, morning room (19ft. by 10ft.), 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; gas and water laid on; nicely timbered grounds of between 3 and 4 acres, laid out in terraces; tennis and croquet lawns, fine avenue of limes, well-stocked kitchen garden, good vinery, etc.; golf course about 2 miles distant; hunting with the Suffolk, East Essex and Essex and Suffolk Foxhounds.—Photograph and further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, London, W. (4,178)

THE CONDUIT STREET AUCTION GALLERIES.

The attention of Executors, Trustees, Solicitors, and Owners who may be desirous of selling family jewels, old silver, furniture, pictures, prints, miniatures, china, coins, books, old lace, furs, musical instruments, guns, and other valuables, is drawn to

MESSRS. KNIGHT, FRANK AND RUTLEY'S AUCTION GALLERIES, 9, CONDUIT STREET, and 23a, MADDOX STREET, W., which are OPEN DAILY to receive GOODS intended for early SALES. Valuations are prepared for fire insurance, estate duty, and all other purposes. Policy-owners are reminded that a signed inventory by Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY greatly facilitates settlement with insurance companies after a fire.

TOWN HOUSES FOR SALE.

£2,850 WOULD BE ACCEPTED FOR IMMEDIATE SALE, EATON SQUARE. 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, and billiard room. Ground Rent, only £3 12s.

£1,800.—AN UNPRECEDENTED BARGAIN. PORTLAND PLACE. Containing: 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 5 reception rooms, billiard room. Stabling.

£2,000.—SPLENDID POSITION, OVERLOOKING REGENT'S PARK. 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms, billiard room. Stabling and garage.

£2,000.—HAMPSTEAD. MODERN WELL-BUILT HOUSE. 7 bedrooms, 3 reception rooms, full-size billiard room. Good grounds, including 4 tennis courts. Long Lease. Ground Rent low.

£1,700.—FREEHOLD DETACHED HOUSE. TWICKENHAM (a few minutes from river). 5 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms. Stabling or garage. Attractive gardens of about an acre.

£2,750.—OVERLOOKING GROUNDS OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE. A moderate sized MANSION for SALE at this exceedingly low figure.

£1,600.—FREEHOLD FOR SALE BY ORDER OF EXECUTORS. Close to Kensington Gardens (north side). 10 bedrooms, 4 reception rooms, bath, etc.

Full particulars of the above at Offices, 9, Conduit Street, W.

AN HOUR FROM TOWN.

£3,500 WILL PURCHASE a well-built FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, standing in delightful old grounds of over 1 acre. Accommodation: 4 reception rooms, 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, servants' hall, 2 staircases; excellent stabling for 6 horses; entrance lodge; Company's gas and water; main drainage; sandy soil; near golf courses; hunting with 2 packs.—Full details of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (1,792)

COTTESMORE, QUORN, AND PYTCHLEY PACKS.

21 YEARS' LEASE TO BE ASSIGNED.

CAPITAL HUNTING-BOX, comprising a fine TUDOR RESIDENCE, containing: 13 bedrooms and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc., in perfect order throughout; 8 loose boxes, more if required. Held on a low Rent.—Full particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (F 1,193)

ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF WINDSOR FOREST.

TO BE LET FURNISHED OR SOLD, the above Queen Anne Mansion in a well-timbered park, enjoying views of exceptional beauty. The House is on sand soil, and contains: fine hall (37ft. by 23ft.), 4 reception rooms, 23 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling for 10 horses; extensive pleasure grounds and fine old park land, in all 117 acres.—Detailed particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (F 1,311)

ON A FAVOURITE REACH OF THE THAMES.

OXON (pleasantly situated, with grounds to the River).—To be SOLD, or LET Furnished for the Summer, the above attractive RESIDENCE, standing in grounds of 7 acres. Accommodation: billiard, 3 reception, 12 bedrooms, bathroom, and usual offices; motor-house with pit; electric light; Company's water. The grounds include tennis, croquet, and other lawns kitchen garden, and meadow-land.—Further particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W.

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London"

KNIGHT, FRANK AND RUTLEY
Offices: 9, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (National) 497 Mayfair (Post Office)

Telephones: 1505 MAYFAIR, 3645 GERRARD

MESSRS. WALTON & LEE,

10, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Telegraphic Address: "WALTONS, LONDON."

NEWBURY DISTRICT.—Very choice Freehold RESIDENTIAL ESTATE of about 150 acres, in a ring fence, to be SOLD. It comprises the above Family Mansion, electrically lighted and heated throughout, with handsome hall, billiard room, suite of reception rooms, about 20 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, and complete domestic offices. The Residence stands on gravel soil, about 400ft. above sea level, in a well-timbered park, and is immediately surrounded by matured pleasure grounds; stabling for 10 horses, 2 entrance lodges, bailiff's house, and home farm.—Highly recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. Photos and plan. (20,275)

HIGH ON THE SURREY HILLS.—£5,000 will PURCHASE an exceptionally attractive OLD-FASHIONED COUNTRY HOUSE, replete with modern comforts, 400ft. above sea, well away from main road and motor dust. Magnificent grounds of 4½ acres; stabling and motor-house; 10 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, magnificent billiard room, large hall, good reception rooms, winter garden; gas and water laid on, main drainage; easy reach of 3 golf links, 7 minutes from station.—Inspected by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,315)

BERKSHIRE DOWNS (under 2 hours from London).—A charming little MANORIAL PROPERTY of nearly 50 acres, to be SOLD. The Residence stands in a high position, on greensand formation, with finely timbered surroundings, and contains: 4 reception rooms, 13 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and good offices. Stabling for several horses; convenient buildings, cottages, and necessary appurtenances. The pleasure grounds are very finely timbered, and ornamented by a lake. Early Sale desired. Moderate price quoted. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (20,464)

BEAUTIFUL PART OF HERTS.
UNDER ONE HOUR BY MAIN LINE FROM LONDON.
CONSIDERABLY REDUCED PRICE.

A QUAINT AND BEAUTIFUL ELIZABETHAN RESIDENCE, on high ground, in MINIATURE and BEAUTIFULLY WOODED PARK; South aspect; dry soil; charming lounge hall, oak-panelled reception rooms, 15 bed and dressing rooms, and very complete offices; good stabling, cottages, etc.; magnificently timbered old-world grounds, productive gardens, etc., water laid on.—WALTON and LEE, 10 Mount Street, W. (22,168)

12 MILES FROM LONDON, and close to a station in a favourite part of Hertfordshire.—To be SOLD, Freehold, an exceedingly attractive RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY of about 10 acres, comprising the above medium-sized house with spacious rooms, occupying a well-chosen site 375ft. above sea level; stabling for 5, men's rooms, and lodge entrance; fully matured shady grounds, walled kitchen garden, and glasshouses; gas and water laid on, and modern sanitary arrangements. Series of views at offices.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,041)

ILLUSTRATED COUNTRY REGISTERS

FREE ON APPLICATION.

MESSRS. WALTON and LEE publish two large illustrated REGISTERS, containing a selection of the best RESIDENTIAL ESTATES, Country Residences, Shootings, Hunting Boxes, Fishings, etc., for SALE or to be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, in all parts of the United Kingdom. The best and most reliable published. On receipt of a memorandum indicating the class of property required, Messrs. WALTON and LEE will return a specially marked list, showing at a glance descriptions of those places answering the requirements of the applicant.—Offices, 10, Mount St., London, W.

FARM WANTED TO BUY.

MESSRS. WALTON AND LEE are seeking for an applicant, who is well known to them, and is desirous of BUYING, a FARM of about 100 to 300 acres, with a moderate-sized Residence and useful farm-buildings; gravelly soil preferred.—Offices, 10, Mount Street, London, W.

PETERSFIELD AND HINDHEAD DISTRICT.

£1,450, WITH 2 ACRES (25 acres available). — The above QUAINT OLD FARMHOUSE, MODERNISED, occupying a very pleasant position, with good views, and containing: 3 reception rooms and 7 or 8 bedrooms, studio or billiard room; stabling for 2, cow-house, etc.; good water and drainage; large tennis lawn; well-stocked garden; golf links in district.—Apply, Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,110)

475 FT. ABOVE SEA, less than 2 miles from Bath. —The above old-fashioned COUNTRY RESIDENCE for SALE at the sacrificial price of 3,000 gns., or near offer, with 6½ acres of lovely old gardens, shady lawns, tennis court, kitchen garden, paddock, and orchard; stabling, man's room, and outbuildings; 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom (h. and c.), billiard room, 3 reception rooms, lounge hall, and offices; Company's water, modern drainage; electric light. Would be LET Unfurnished.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,144)

OXFORD (near).—Convenient reach of the station, with its first-class service of trains, a well-known and desirable FAMILY SEAT, to be LET Furnished, together with the shooting over the estate. The Mansion stands in well-timbered park-lands and pleasure grounds, and contains the usual reception rooms, billiard room, about 20 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and all necessary conveniences. Charming grounds, inexpensive to maintain. Excellent situation for hunting with a famous pack of hounds. Coarse fishing on the property. Moderate rent.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (17,781)

IN THE BEAUTIFUL DISTRICT OF HASLEMERE AND HINDHEAD; high situation; fine views; exceptional golfing facilities.—Choice little RESIDENCE to be SOLD: 3 reception rooms, large hall, conservatory, 7 bedrooms, box-room, and offices; pretty grounds, gardens, and shrubberies of about 2 acres; small stable and motor-shed. Price, £2,750.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,310)

PINE WOOD DISTRICT (10 minutes' walk from an important junction, with an unexcelled service of trains to Town, which is reached in about half an hour).—To be SOLD, an exceptionally attractive Freehold PROPERTY of about NINE ACRES, and comprising the above well-arranged Residence, with short carriage drive approach: 4 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, bathroom, capital domestic offices, including servants' hall, 2 staircases; gas and water laid on; sandy soil; substantial stabling for 3, and coachman's dwelling; matured pleasure grounds with shrubberies, flower gardens, and extensive well-kept lawns for croquet and tennis; productive kitchen garden and suitable glasshouses; 3 paddocks; the Property would be Sold in its entirety, or the principal part with an area of about FOUR ACRES.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. Views and Plan. (22,687)

BERKELEY SQUARE (adjoining).—A delightful "ADAMS" RESIDENCE of an unusually attractive character, facing directly South, and enjoying an abundance of light and air.

Messrs. WALTON and LEE

Will Offer for SALE by AUCTION, at the Mart, E.C., on Tuesday, March 30, 1909, at 2 o'clock (unless previously Sold), the exceptionally choice and compact RESIDENCE, No. 30, Bruton Street, containing some 11 good bed and dressing rooms, 2 fitted bathrooms, 2 charming drawing rooms, handsome dining room, morning room, library, and complete domestic offices; garage for 3 or 4 cars; every convenience is installed and the sanitation is believed to be perfect. —Particulars and Conditions of Sale of the Auctioneers, 10, Mount Street, W.

HANTS (close to one of the best stretches of the RIVER TEST).—To be SOLD, at a moderate price, a most substantially built, attractive, red-brick COUNTRY HOUSE, occupying a fairly high situation, a mile from a station, 4 miles from Andover; capital stabling, motor and coach-house; well-timbered, pretty grounds, tennis and croquet lawn, kitchen garden, greenhouse, and meadows, in all 10 ACRES: 11 BED AND DRESSING ROOMS, bath (h. and c.), 4 reception rooms, servants' hall, and offices; modern drainage; excellent water supply.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,257)

40 MINUTES FROM THE CITY.

THE ABOVE CHARMING GEORGIAN RESIDENCE, with grounds and parklike lands of 13 ACRES. To be SOLD, or LET, Furnished; in a delightful rural situation, 300ft. above sea; good views: 11 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, drawing and dining rooms, billiard room, magnificent lounge hall, ample offices; stabling for 5, man's rooms, farmery, and 3 cottages; well-timbered pleasure grounds, kitchen garden, meadowland; Company's water; gas. 1½ miles from 2 stations.—Inspected by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,079)

MESSRS. WALTON & LEE, LAND AGENTS, AUCTIONEERS, & SURVEYORS,

Telephones: 1505 MAYFAIR, 3645 GERRARD. } 10, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W. { Telegrams: "WALTONS, LONDON."

Telegrams: "Everything, London" **HARRODS (LTD.)** Telephone: Kensington 3300 (60 lines).

ESTATE AGENTS **BROMPTON ROAD, S.W.** **AUCTIONEERS**

SUSSEX AND KENT BORDERS.—To be SOLD, the above beautifully placed RESIDENCE, about 450ft. above sea level, and

COMMANDING LOVELY VIEWS.

4 reception, 15 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; stabling; cottage, grounds, and paddocks.

13 ACRES. PRICE, £4,000.

—Inspected and recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

BY ORDER OF TRUSTEES.

GUILDFORD.—To be SOLD, most conveniently placed RESIDENCE, standing in exceedingly pretty well-timbered grounds of 3 ACRES; lawns, flower garden, kitchen garden, ornamental woodland, pond, etc.; hall, 3 reception, 8 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling; 2 greenhouses, etc.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

£800 WILL PURCHASE an attractive HOUSE in one of the best parts of Brighton (close to sea and St. Ann's); well-stocked garden; hall, 3 reception, 6 bedrooms, housekeeper's room, and good domestic offices; every modern convenience.—Full details of HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (S 8,348)

BEDFORD PARK.—To be SOLD, or LET, Unfurnished, an attractive detached RESIDENCE in this favourite suburb, close to District Railway, trams and 'bus route: hall, 3 reception, 9 bedrooms, bathroom; gas and electric light throughout; pretty garden of ¾ acre; tennis lawn, etc.—HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

£2,000.—CHILTERN HILLS (600ft. up). Lovely views.—To be SOLD, at a great sacrifice, exceptionally well-built RESIDENCE: 3 reception, billiard room, 6 bedrooms, bathroom, conservatory; pretty grounds of about 2 acres; acetylene gas.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

IMPORTANT SPORTING ESTATE

(only privately in the market) 70 MINUTES NORTH OF LONDON, nearly

1,000 ACRES.

Magnificent MANSION; well-timbered park and grounds.

RACING ESTABLISHMENT.

STUD FARM.

Home farm, several cottages.

EXCELLENT SHOOTING.

Sole Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

RENT, £88, AND SMALL PREMIUM.

GORING-ON-THAMES.—Charming creeper-clad RESIDENCE, standing in exceedingly pretty grounds, tennis lawn, lovely rose garden, kitchen garden, etc.: lounge hall, 2 reception, 7 bedrooms, bathroom; electric light throughout; 3 minutes of river; private landing-stage.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

FURNISHED HOUSES.

MESSRS. HARRODS (LTD.) *have now revised their Lists for the ensuing season, and will be pleased to forward specially selected list on receipt of requirements.*

NORFOLK (in a good sporting district).—This charming RESIDENCE to LET, Furnished, by the year, with or without 1,100 acres shooting: 19 bed, bath, 5 reception, and billiard room; stabling; pretty grounds. Only 1 mile from station.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 52)

TO AMERICANS.

KENT (in a favourite district).—To LET, Furnished, at once, genuine old TUDOR RESIDENCE, in charming grounds, intersected by stream: 6 bed, bath, 3 reception, baronial hall (40ft. by 24ft.); tennis lawn, kitchen garden, etc. Rent, only 4 to 6 guineas per week.—Inspected and recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

VALE OF AYLESBURY (1 mile from station).—To LET, Furnished, at once, a picturesque RESIDENCE in well-timbered grounds: 9 bed, bath, 3 reception; capital stabling, and model farmery; rose pergola, tennis lawn, productive kitchen garden, well-stocked flower borders, etc.; 7 acres grass. Possibly Unfurnished.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

FOR THE SEASON OR LONGER.

MARLOW-ON-THAMES (under 5 minutes from station).—Comfortably Furnished RESIDENCE to LET at once: 8 bed, bath, 2 sitting rooms; small stable and garden; tennis lawn, etc.—Inspected by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

HOVE (a few minutes of the sea).—An exceptionally well-built RESIDENCE, containing: entrance hall, 3 reception, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and excellent domestic offices; small garden, greenhouse; electric light and gas; every convenience; perfect repair.

PRICE, £2,000 FREEHOLD,

or would be LET on Lease.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (S 5,968)

CAPITAL FARM OF 146 ACRES.

SMALL GENTLEMAN'S HOUSE.

BUCKS AND BEDS BORDERS.—To be SOLD, a compact RESIDENTIAL FARM of 146 acres, with a pretty Residence, containing: 3 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling for 9 horses.—Box K 4,064, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

PARTICULARLY ADAPTED FOR SCHOLASTIC PURPOSES.

A WONDERFULLY HEALTHY SITUATION, 800FT. ABOVE THE SEA.

SUSSEX.—To be LET or SOLD, a well-built RESIDENCE, standing in grounds of over 6 acres, and commanding lovely views: large entrance hall, 3 reception, billiard, 13 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and usual offices; well-shaded grounds, tennis and croquet lawns, paddock, etc.; soil, sandstone rock.—Box K 3,904, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

ARTISTIC COTTAGE. 2 ACRES.

800FT. ABOVE THE SEA. ADJOINING GOLF COURSE.

A RETREAT FOR CITY MEN.

SURREY (1½ miles from station, 10 minutes from village, post and telegraph office).—To be SOLD or LET, an artistic COTTAGE, enjoying a high but protected position. Accommodation: pleasant hall, 2 reception, 5 bedrooms, bathroom, etc. The cottage is designed for extension; the grounds of about 2½ acres include some nice old trees, tennis lawn, etc.—Box K 4,167, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

QUIET COUNTRY RETREAT on the Chiltern Hills, 1 mile of station, and 45 minutes of Town.—£1,500 will PURCHASE a modern RESIDENCE, standing in 6 acres of grounds. Accommodation: large hall, 2 reception, 5 bedrooms, and usual offices; stabling for 3, and useful outbuildings.—Box K 4,135, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

AN HOUR OF LONDON.

£1,500 WILL PURCHASE a picturesque old-fashioned COTTAGE, standing on gravel soil, 400ft. above the sea: lounge hall, 3 reception, 5 bedrooms; could easily be enlarged; stabling for 2; nicely timbered old grounds of an acre; more land could be purchased if desired.—Particulars of H., c/o Box K 4,109, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

TO GOLFERS PARTICULARLY.

HERTS AND BUCKS BORDERS.

350FT. HIGH.

G.C.R., 35 MINUTES FROM TOWN.

CLOSE TO GOLF LINKS.—An old-fashioned ivy-clad RESIDENCE, situated in fine open country, a drive from Amersham, Rickmansworth, and Chenies, to be SOLD. Accommodation: sitting hall (30ft. wide), 4 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms; stabling for 7; old grounds of 6 acres, with tennis and croquet lawns, etc.; Company's water; modern drainage.—Box K 4,134, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

35 MILES FROM TOWN. ABSOLUTELY RURAL.

TO BE SOLD.—A fine old stone-built HOUSE, covered in creepers, standing in 7 acres of glorious old grounds, specially noted for the filbert orchard. The House is in excellent order, and contains: 3 reception rooms, billiard room, and 6 bedrooms; stabling and outbuildings, paddock, etc.—Box K 4,022, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

A GREAT SACRIFICE (35 minutes from Town).—A charming little HOUSE, with 3 reception and 7 bedrooms, in well-matured grounds of 1½ acres, with tennis lawn, etc.; stabling for 2 horses, with coach-house and outbuildings; will be Sold considerably below cost.—Apply, Box K 4,061, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

FARM OF 170 ACRES, WITH GOOD FARMHOUSE.

HERTFORDSHIRE.—On high ground, 2 miles from station; well fenced and watered; arable and old pasture; possession Michaelmas. For SALE, Freehold.—Box K, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

BERKS (between Ascot and Windsor).—To be SOLD or LET, Furnished, a magnificent MANSION, standing in grandly timbered

PARK OF 117 ACRES

and exquisite grounds: hall (37ft. by 23ft.), suite of reception rooms, 27 bedrooms, bathrooms; extensive stabling; cottages, home farm, range of glass-houses.—Box H, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

WANTED, IMMEDIATELY, ON LEASE, Unfurnished HOUSE in the country, containing: 8 good bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.), 3 sitting rooms, and good entrance hall; good servants' offices; 6 to 10 acres of orchard, tennis court, and flower garden. State sizes of principal rooms. Kent and Surrey borders preferred, within 2 miles of station. Modern drainage and good water supply. Rent, £60 to £70.—Please send all particulars to F. BELLWOOD, Esq., S.E.A. College, Wye, Kent.

DEVON (on border of Dartmoor; 620ft. above sea level; district renowned for its health-giving properties and picturesque moorland scenery; golf; fishing; close to station and P.O.).—To LET, Furnished, with immediate possession, a substantially built RESIDENCE, all modern improvements, containing: spacious hall, 3 reception rooms, cloakroom and lavatory, 6 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.), good servants' quarters; the House lighted with safety gas; conservatory leading from hall; greenhouse; stabling with 2 stalls; stable coach-house or garage; lovely gardens, tennis and croquet grounds, kitchen garden, and orchard; drainage perfect; water from Plymouth Corporation Supply.—For rent and further particulars apply, A. R. DEBNAM, St. James's House, Mount Pleasant, Plymouth.

TO BE LET OR SOLD.

HIGHEST POINT IN COUNTY.

CHELMSFORD (300ft. above sea level).—To be SOLD, or LET, Unfurnished, a GENTLEMAN'S COUNTRY COTTAGE RESIDENCE, in first-rate order, with every modern comfort. 5 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.), lounge, dining and drawing rooms, and offices. Company's water, modern drainage. Pretty grounds, etc., of about 4 acres, with tennis lawn, kitchen garden, orchard, meadow, etc. The Residence occupies a high and bracing situation, and has been well maintained by the owner in occupation.

RENT, £60 PER ANNUM. PRICE, £1,600.

NOTE.—The House would be LET Furnished, or a purchaser could take to the greater part of the contents by valuation.—Box HS 41, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

WOODHALL SPA.—Comfortable RESIDENCE to LET, Furnished for any period: 5 bed, bath, 2 reception rooms; small garden; close to golf links, etc.—Box H 6,865, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

Telephones: VICTORIA, 2560 (3 lines)

F. J. RONALD,

Telegrams: "DECIDABLE, LONDON."

AUCTIONEER and ESTATE AGENT. 72, VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, S.W. SURVEYOR, VALUER.

3,000 ACRES SHOOTING. SALMON AND TROUT FISHING. GOOD HUNTING.

YORKSHIRE. An historical old stone-built COUNTRY SEAT, beautifully situated 400ft. above sea level, to be LET, Unfurnished, with first-rate sportings.

The House contains: 4 reception rooms, billiard room with gallery, 20 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; stabling for 12 horses; 3 cottages; capital water supply; modern drainage; acetylene gas installation; pleasure gardens of 6½ acres. Particularly good salmon fishing; execellent partridge shooting; hunting 4 days a week; golf; immediate possession.

For terms, game bag, and to view, apply to F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (U 1,349)

WITH 36 ACRES (OR LESS).

SOUTH DEVON COAST (within ½ mile of a station and close to sea).

For SALE, the above substantially built and artistically finished RESIDENCE in the Italian Renaissance style, approached by a long carriage drive, with lodge and entrance, and containing: handsome inner hall, large Oriental drawing room, salon, dining room, billiard room, library, fitted cloak room, 16 bed and dressing rooms, 2 luxuriantly appointed bathrooms, etc.; excellent stabling accommodation and motor garage; electric light installation; telephone; beautiful grounds, in excellent condition, and adorned with many sub-tropical plants, and generally laid out in perfect taste.

F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (U 1,323)

ON THE SURREY HILLS.

SECLUDED AND QUIET POSITION. — For SALE, the above well-built RESIDENCE, replete with every modern convenience, standing about 400ft. above sea level in grounds about 4½ ACRES. Contains: hall, 3 reception rooms, BILLIARD ROOM, WINTER GARDEN, 10 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, usual domestic offices; gas and water laid on, main drainage; stabling for 2 horses, double coach-house, man's room, etc.; the grounds are quite a feature, having been laid out by a well-known horticulturist, and include tennis and croquet lawns.

F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (U 1,337)

WITHIN 1 HOUR OF TOWN. WITH 10 ACRES, OR LESS.

ON LONDON AND SOUTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

FOR IMMEDIATE SALE, an attractive FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, comprising this very charming Residence, in perfect order, together with undulating and parklike grounds of about 30 acres (or less if desired).

The House, which occupies a secluded position, is approached by a drive, and contains: 4 fine reception rooms, 11 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and usual domestic offices; new drainage; Company's gas and water; stabling for 3 horses, double coach-house, etc.; 3 cottages; lovely old grounds, inexpensive to maintain and well timbered.

F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (U 1,321)

A MANORIAL ESTATE OF 283 ACRES WITH AN ADVOWSON.

WEST OF ENGLAND (some 650ft. above sea level).—For SALE, a RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, comprising the above fine old stone-built manor house, containing: old dining hall, parlour, usual offices, 8 bedrooms approached by an old oak staircase. The farm-buildings are substantially built of stone with slate roofs. The House and most of the land face South. Good water supply. The land is of mixed grass and arable, with about 17 acres of cover. With the estate will be sold the advowson of an adjoining rectory, the income from which is £210, including 42 acres of glebe and a pleasantly situated rectory.

For terms and to view, apply, F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (U 1,354)

WITHIN 40 MINUTES OF TOWN.

TO BE SOLD, the above attractive RESIDENCE, built IN HALF TIMBER AND ROUGH-CAST, situate in a high position well back from the road, and standing in grounds of 1½ ACRES

The accommodation comprises: lounge hall, dining room, drawing room, BILLIARD ROOM, library, morning room, usual offices, principal and secondary staircases, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bath room, 2 long attics, boxroom; the grounds of 1½ acres include 2 tennis lawns, kitchen garden, etc.; golf within easy distance; main water and gas supply.

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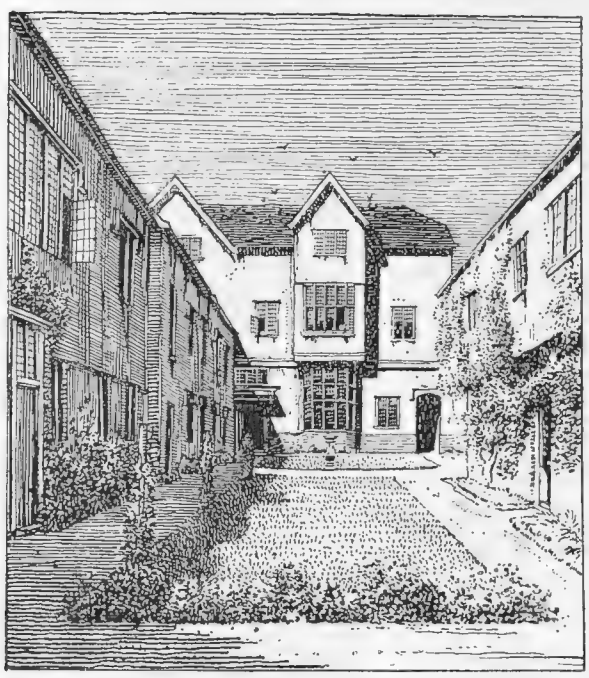

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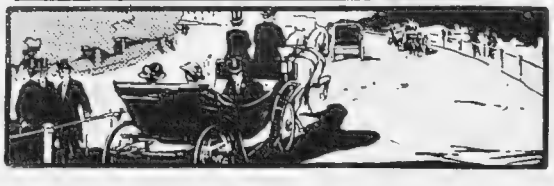


FROCKS · FRILLS & FURBELOWS

By MRS. JACK MAY

Bewilderment prevails in modistic circles, both in London and Paris. A big authority, whose name, I regret, cannot be proclaimed, readily acknowledges making both full skirts and tight skirts, high waist and long, encouraging frills on the one hand and an emphatic severity on the other. In short, he is obviously temporising, though personally leaning towards the long, pointed waist effect.

A Brilliant Model

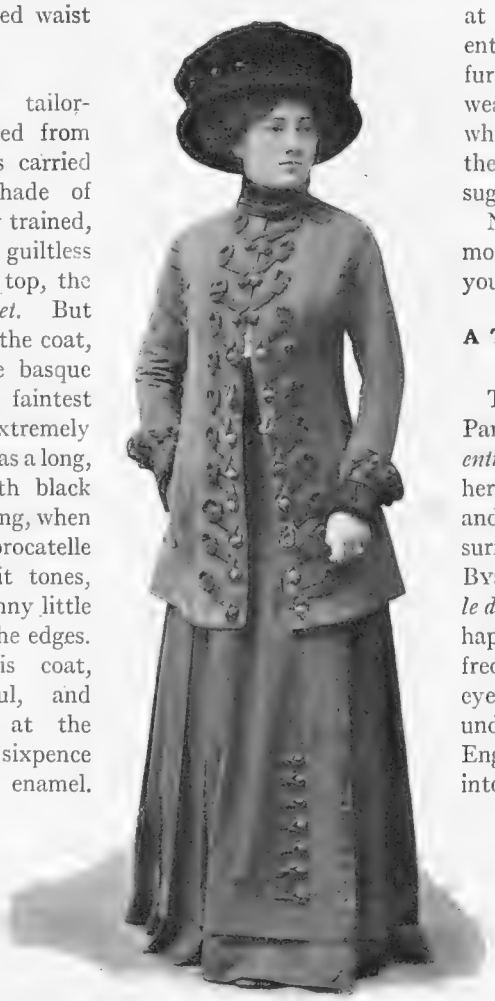
One of the most perfect tailor-mades I have seen emanated from this exclusive source, and was carried out in a deep amethyst shade of cloth. The skirt was slightly trained, extremely full at the feet, and guiltless of any decoration. At the top, the waistline was defined *en corselet*. But the gist of the matter lay in the coat, which was extremely long, the basque being set on with the very faintest indication of a seam at an extremely long, pointed waistline. There was a long, flat-roll rever collar, faced with black ottoman silk, the fronts opening, when desired, over the old-world brocatelle waistcoat in delicate biscuit tones, picked out with black. A funny little white, crinkly braid bound all the edges. The buttons used on this coat, again, were quite beautiful, and comprised two large ones at the back and six the size of a sixpence in front, of hand-painted enamel.

An Afternoon Frock

And here is another, the clearest demonstration I have seen of the rumoured effort to bring in frills and furbelows. It was an afternoon frock, a captivating affair of delicate grey voile of the very filmiest quality. The skirt, in addition to being set in full all round the waist, carried a draped *mouvement* of grey-toned net frills, surmounted by narrow piped *rouleaux* of satin. The corsage was the simplest *bébé* affair, cut in a round below a silk embroidered net chemisette, the *décolletage* defined by three of these net frills and their accompanying *rouleaux*, while the full top sleeve dropped into a close-fitting cuff decked with more frills. But there is yet more to tell, in fact, the *pièce de résistance* of the design, which was provided in a *fichu* of the voile, caught down at the centre of the back by a great gilt and jewelled *cabochon*, the ends being brought over the shoulders and falling quite deep over the arm, but narrowing off again at the waist.

I should, however, make it clear that, apart from the above-described anchorage at the waist, this *fichu* is an entirely independent adjunct, a further surprise arriving when the wearer flings the ends backwards, which, becoming partially merged in the fulness of the back of the skirt, suggest a sash effect.

Now, these are two really notable models, and I have yet another for your delectation.



An Effective Coat and Skirt

A tailor suit of elephant-grey cloth and coarse ottoman at Dukes et Joive, Paris

A Tailor Suit of Elephant-Grey Cloth and Coarse Ottoman

This sketch comes from our special Parisian correspondent, who has the *entrée* into *salons* whose doors are hermetically sealed against the rank and file. Our object, as will be readily surmised, is to put readers of THE BYSTANDER in touch with veritably *le dernier cri*. And this seems to me the happy moment to point out how frequently a new vogue strikes the lay eye as dowdy. Only the known is understood as smart by the average Englishwoman, who will readily run into the most bizarre extremes, provided the ground she is covering is thoroughly familiar.

Meanwhile, our picture waits. There are several distinctive features to be pressed home, precedence being accorded the emphatically fuller skirt. There is nothing tubular or sheathlike about this skirt, which is ornamented with a band of ottoman silk and a short ladder of buttons and cloth loops.

For the jacket, one of the still much-affected straight styles is selected, distinguished by the title of Hussar. On the other hand, it suggests itself irresistibly to me as a forerunner of the promised Louis XV. vogues through the medium of the even decoration, absence of revers, and a fastening carried close up to the throat. The Bradenburgs are all executed in cloth, and the whole is a creation of Dukes et Joive.

ADAIR

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"Baroness Meltzing request Messrs. Edwards to despatch six bottles of Roche's Herbal Embrocation, used for children having Hooping-Cough, to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cumberland.—Penzing, Vienna, 24th March, 1889."

The above order was repeated 1894, 1899, 1903, and 1905.

TELEGRAM—LDN., MERAN, 785, 38, 14/10/90, 10/5.—M.

"Messrs. Edwards, London, 157, Queen Victoria Street.—Please send immediately two bottles Roche's Embrocation for Hooping-Cough to Count Montenoch, at the Duke Phillip of Wuerttemberg, Abbazia, Austro-Hungary. "Two others to me, Princess Windischgraetz, Meran, Tyrol."

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100 cubic feet of gas costs 3¾ pence (with gas at 2*s.* 9*d.* per 1,000), and that quantity will light a living room for 30 hours—using an inverted burner; or it will give a hot, cheerful fire for 4 hours; or cook all the meals of a good sized household for one day; or provide you with 3 hot baths at a few minutes' notice.

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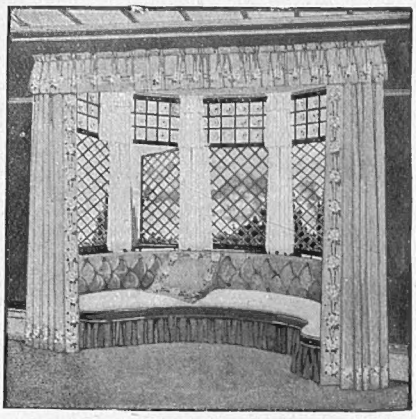
(Please Address Communications to Dept. O).

Messrs. Williamson and Cole, Clapham High Street

The secret of success is assuredly an open one to this enterprising firm, who are never content to rest upon their laurels—and such exceedingly green and lucrative laurels they are, too. The story has been so frequently told here why the very best and latest in the furnishing drapery world is to be found in a district so far removed from the recognised shopping centre, and it is scarcely necessary to recapitulate the reasons at this date. We may hint, however, that Messrs. Williamson and Cole have recently issued a new catalogue, and are prepared to conduct a postal department of growing magnitude.

A novelty that bids fair to leap to the front is a charming *appliqué*, which is applied in the form of printed tissues and linens on practically all cloths suitable to the decoration. Now, this fancy bordering departure emanated from the highest artistic centres, where much kudos was claimed and money exacted for results that are being unostentatiously obtained by Messrs. Williamson and Cole at far less than half the cost.



At Messrs. Williamson and Cole's
An effective and inexpensive treatment of a bow-window

A Charming Bow-Window

In the delightful and inexpensive treatment of a bow-window, the casement blinds are of that admirable Cassia cloth, than which nothing better has ever been offered on similar lines, while the valance and long curtains are of cream herring-bone sheeting, *appliqué* with a Louis design of clustered pink roses tied with blue ribbons.

Naturally, however, this is merely one expression out of many, one of the most attractive inducements to deal with this firm being their immense versatility. From the first they have laid themselves out to meet varying tastes, and are in a position to-day to make up any special furnishing drapery order with unrivalled expedition.

The Latest Chintz Designs

In chintz and cretonnes there is a most exceptional choice, offered at most exceptional prices. There is an artistic design of peacocks and apples at only 1*s.* 5*d.* the yard, a similar design occurring in cretonne at 1*s.* 3½*d.* the yard. It is worthy of remark how apples play a distinctly prominent part in the new printed designs, while in colouring Messrs. Williamson and Cole have responded to an unmistakable appeal in favour of mauve. They have a hollyhock design in this shade that is very handsome. Nor has there been any reason to regret last year's daring trial of Victorian velvet dyed to tangerine orange and russet shades. To the truly artistic eye these mellow tones are very pleasing, and it has been reserved for Messrs. Williamson and Cole to place them well within the range of the average purse.

HOW I TOOK MY WRINKLES OUT

After massage, creams, and beauty doctors had failed.

By HARRIETT META.

Trouble, worry, and ill-health brought me deep lines and wrinkles. I realised that they not only greatly marred my appearance and made me look much older, but that they would greatly interfere with my success, because a woman's success, either socially or financially, depends very largely on her appearance. The plain woman with deep lines and furrows in her face must fight an unequal battle with her younger and better looking sister. I therefore bought various kinds of cold cream and skin foods and massaged my face with most constant regularity, hoping to regain my former appearance. But the wrinkles simply would not go. On the contrary, they seemed to get deeper. Next I went to a beauty specialist, who told me she could easily rid me of my wrinkles. I paid the money and took the treatment. Sometimes I thought they got less, but after spending all the money I could afford for such treatment I found I still had my wrinkles. So I gave up in despair, and concluded I must carry them to my grave. One day a friend of mine who was versed in chemistry made a suggestion, and this gave me a new idea. I immediately went to work making experiments and studying everything I could get hold of on the subject. After several long months of almost numberless trials and discouragements I finally discovered a process which produced most astounding results on my wrinkles in a single night. I was delighted beyond expression. I tried my treatment again, and, lo and behold, my wrinkles were practically gone. A third treatment—three nights in all—and I had no wrinkles, and my face was as smooth as ever. I next offered my treatment to some of my immediate friends, who used it with surprising results, and I have now decided to offer it to the public. Mrs. J. E. Black, of Yonkers, N.Y., says that when she looks in the glass she scarcely knows herself, the improvement is so great, and that her wrinkles are entirely removed. Rev. Josephine Talmage, of Chicago, Ill., says:—Your system is the only treatment in the world that will actually remove wrinkles. When all others failed, yours stands alone as a success. I will send further particulars to anyone who is interested free of charge. I use no cream, massage, face steamings, bandages, or straps; there is nothing to inject and nothing to injure the skin. It is an entirely new discovery of my own, and so simple that you can use it without the knowledge of your most intimate friends. You apply the treatment at night and go to bed. In the morning, lo! the wonderful transformation. People often write me: "It sounds too good to be true." Well, the test will tell. If interested in my discovery, please address HARRIET META, Dept. 129, 61, New Oxford Street, London, and I will send full particulars.

The Lancet describes it as "Mr. Benger's admirable preparation."

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The Editor's Box

A MENU FOR LENT

Palestine Soup

Two pounds of artichokes, one quart of milk, one Spanish onion (six cloves stuck in it), 1oz. of butter, 1oz. of flour, pepper, one gill of cream. Peel the artichokes, boil in salted water till tender, and pulp through a hair sieve. Boil the onion in the milk, and when well flavoured strain it. Melt the butter in a stewpan, stir in the flour, then gradually the milk and artichokes, boil up, stirring well; lastly add a little cream. The latter is an improvement, but not really necessary, as the soup is very good without it. More milk must be added if too thick. Fried toast should be sent up with this dish.

Curried Prawns

Put 4oz. of butter into a stewpan and slice into it two onions. Fry them till brown over a slow fire, then remove them into another dish. Have the prawns picked, and rub one and a half tablespoonfuls of curry powder over them, put them into the melted butter, and stew over a slow fire until the fish becomes a light brown. Add as much stock or gravy as will cover the prawns; season with a little salt, then stew over a slow fire, and when the gravy has become thick, add a small cupful of cocoanut milk or cream and the juice of a lemon. Mix the whole together and serve very hot in a border of spinach purée on an entrée dish, or, if preferred, a border of rice.

Corn with Poached Eggs

Open a tin of corn and strain off the liquid, simmer the corn until tender, but not "mashy," in three tablespoonfuls of milk, ½oz. of butter, pepper, and salt. About ten minutes is sufficient for the cooking. Spread the cooked corn on a hot dish, arrange the poached eggs neatly on it, and serve very hot.

Cauliflower Fritters

Break a cooked cauliflower into neat pieces, dip each into thick white sauce, and leave till cold; then take each piece separately and dip into batter made of ½lb. of flour and 1oz. of melted butter mixed in a bowl, stir well, and when the paste is perfectly smooth, moisten with enough warm water to make it a proper substance, to which a pinch of salt has been added and the whipped white of an egg. Dip the pieces of cauliflower in the batter, and fry in boiling lard or butter. Serve hot, garnished with fried parsley.

Macaroni à l'Italienne

Boil ½lb. of macaroni with 2oz. of butter, an onion, two cloves, and salt, when done (which will be in about twenty minutes) drain the water off and put the macaroni in a saucepan with 5oz. of grated Parmesan or Cheddar cheese, some black pepper, and six tablespoonfuls of cream; toss over the fire until the cheese becomes thick and stringy. Dish up in a pyramid, and cover with thick tomato sauce.

EMILIA.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED

"Pisa." By Janet Ross. (Dent: 4*s.* 6*d.* net.)
"Pewter Marks and Old Pewter Ware." By C. A. Markham. (Reeves and Turner: 21*s.* net.)
"Reminiscences of My Life." By Sir Charles Santley. (Pitman: 16*s.* net.)
"Brothers All." By Maarten Maartens. (Methuen: 6*s.*)
"The Swoop of the Vulture." By James Blyth. (Digby, Long: 6*s.*)
"Ursula Senorme." By T. W. Speight. (Digby, Long: 6*s.*)
"Beyond the Skyline." By R. Aitken. (Murray: 6*s.*)
"The Archdeacon's Family." By Maud E. King. (Murray: 6*s.*)
"My Service Days." By Major-General Sir N. Stewart, C.B. (Ouseley: 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)
"Analysis of the Volution of Musical Form." By M. H. Glynn. (Longmans: 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)
"Aspects of Modern Opera." By L. Gilman. (Lane.)
"9009." By James Hopper and F. Bechdolt. (Heinemann: 2*s.* 6*d.*)
"The Heart of Monica." (Collier: 5*s.* net.)
"Captain Vanion's Business." By Walter Dalby. (Alston Rivers: 6*s.*)
"Sparrow." By Horace Newte. (Alston Rivers: 6*s.*)
"That Rock Garden of Ours." By Professor F. E. Hulme. (Fisher Unwin: 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)
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